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THE POEMS OF LUDWIG UHLAND  
TRANSLATED BY  
WILLIAM COLLETT SANDARS



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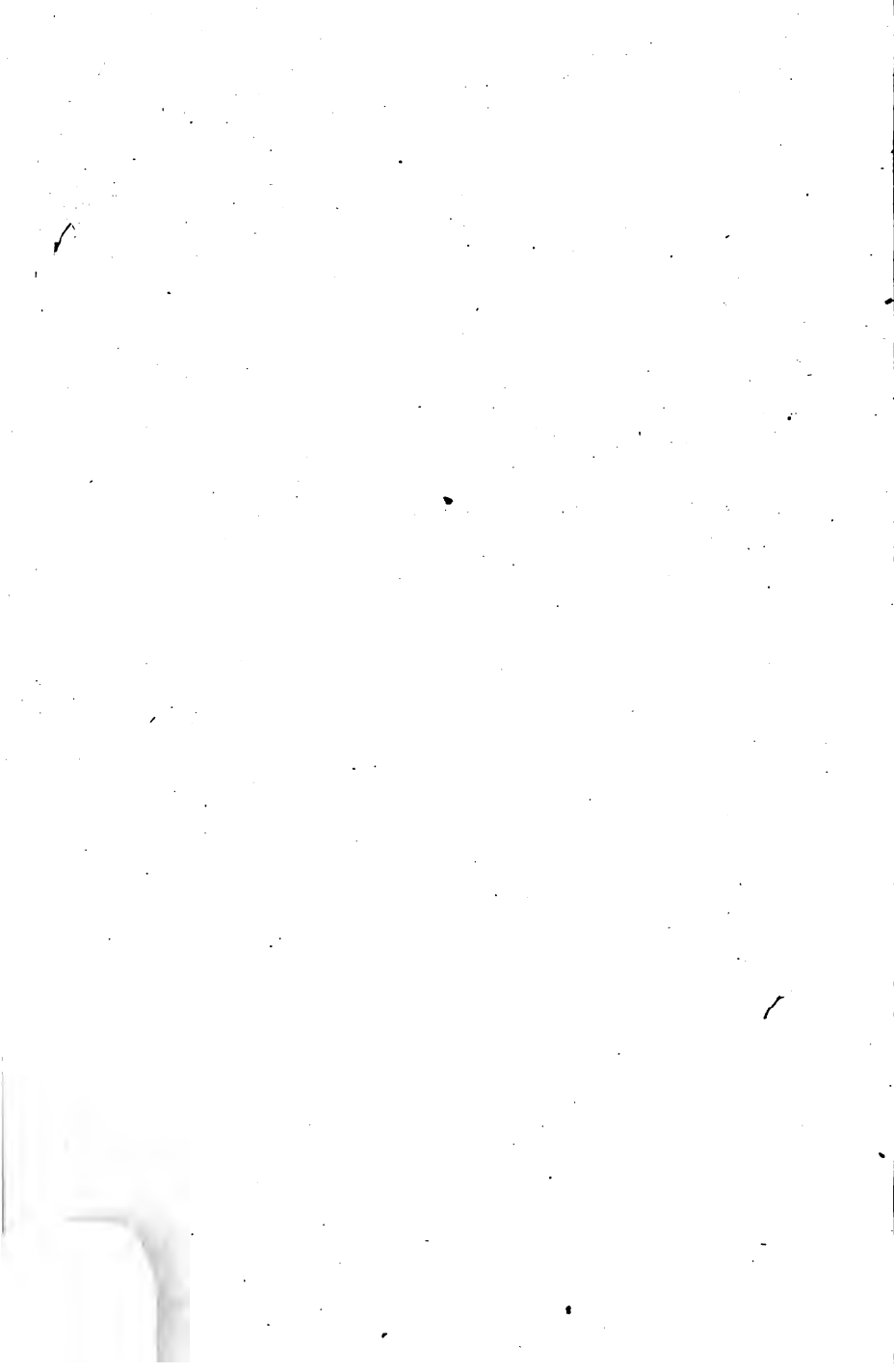
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# THE POEMS OF UHLAND,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH A SHORT

*Biographical Memoir of the Poet,*

BY

WILLIAM COLLETT SANDARS.

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LONDON :

WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 169, PICCADILLY.

1869.



## P R E F A C E.

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IN presenting this translation of the poems of Uhland to the public, a short statement is necessary of the reasons which have guided the translator in the selection of the pieces which have formed the subject of his labours. The work has been divided into three divisions: the first of which comprises translations of those lyric poems which are best capable of reproduction in a foreign language; the second consists of a few pieces selected from the patriotic songs, epigrams and dramatic works of Uhland; while the third part is entirely occupied with the translations of the Ballads and Romances, which have principally tended to endear the poet to his fellow-countrymen, and to spread his fame in other lands. As the works of Uhland are pervaded by an essentially moral and even religious tone,



it has been found advisable to pass over very few poems as unsuitable. The second division is necessarily a curtailed one; as patriotic and political poems lose their interest, when the events which called them into existence are no longer everyday topics. The Distichs and Sonnets have not been rendered into English, as their force and beauty suffer greatly in the process of translation. The longer poem of Fortunatus and his Sons has not been attempted, as the translator is anxious not to defer the long-intended publication of this little work. The whole has been preceded by a short memoir of Uhland, which, while not pretending to be a complete biography of the poet, will, it is hoped, enable the student to gather an insight into the political and domestic incidents which influenced his poetry, and at the same time afford some guidance and information to the thousands of educated Englishmen to whom Uhland's poetry is

unfortunately not so familiar as its merits deserve. Many of the ballads remain untranslated, but should this work meet with encouragement from the public, translations of other poems and ballads will be added in a subsequent edition. While portions of Uhland's works have already been translated by able authors, such as Thackeray and Longfellow, in a manner which preserves the meaning and poetic rhythm of the original, others have attempted translations, who possess but a limited knowledge either of prosody or the German language. The great object of the translator has been to render the poems as literally as possible, and in almost every case the structure and sense of the original have been closely adhered to, and in many instances the English translation has not received that embellishment at the hands of the translator, which a slight alteration of the meaning suggested.

The year in which each poem was written by Uhland has been prefixed to the translation of the same, so that by reference to the biographical memoir, the reader may see at what period of the poet's life and under what circumstances it was composed. The translator takes this opportunity of expressing his sincere thanks to all friends who so kindly aided his endeavours by the promise of their patronage and support.

29, DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

*March, 1869.*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

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JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND was born on the 26th of April, 1787, at Tuebingen, a small university town, situated on the river Neckar, in the kingdom of Wirtemberg. The oldest of his ancestors, of whom any account has come down to us, was Johann Michael Uhland, who distinguished himself at the storming of Belgrade in the year 1688, by killing a Turkish Pacha with his own hand: as a memorial of which exploit, he assumed, as a device, rather than as a real coat of arms, the figure of a man holding a Turkish sabre in one hand, and a spade in the other. This doughty warrior was the great-great-grandfather of our poet. His great-grandfather was invested with the rights of a citizen of Tuebingen in the year 1720, and in this city he established a house of business, which bears his name up to the

present day. The elder of his sons entered his father's business, but the younger, Ludwig Joseph, the grandfather of our poet, became Professor of History and Theology at the University of his native town, and the author of several poems which are still extant, and died at the advanced age of 81, when his celebrated grandson was already 16 years old. Among the numerous sons of Ludwig Joseph Uhland, Johann Friederich, the father of our poet, occupied the post of Secretary to the University of Tuebingen, and married Elizabeth Hofer, whose father held a similar appointment at that place. Uhland's father bore a striking resemblance to the philosopher Kant, and some traces of this similarity of feature were observable in his son Ludwig; but it is doubtless from his grandfather, Ludwig Joseph, that our poet received as an inheritance, the germs of that poetic talent, which was destined to render the name of Uhland a household-spirit in Suabia. Our poet had two brothers, who both died young, and one sister, Louisa, who also died before her brother, leaving only one son, Ludwig Meyer, who is still

alive and greatly resembles his illustrious uncle.

The birth and parentage of the subject of this Memoir having been thus briefly described, the name, Uhland, will for the future, inasmuch as no ambiguity is likely to arise, be applied solely to the poet, whose life and works form the subject of the volume.

At an early age Uhland was sent to the schools of his native town, where his progress was very satisfactory, and the especial taste and zeal which he displayed for Latin verse, doubtless tended greatly to the culture of a true poetic taste, and to the development of that easy flow, which hereafter characterized his poetry. On one occasion he made 101 hexameters in one day, it is to be hoped of rather better quality than some specimens produced in the Vulgus sets of our public schools, that is, if any master was unfortunate enough to be compelled to wade through them.

We have a poem in German composed in Uhland's twelfth year, but it does not exhibit any greater talent or skill in versifi-

cation than we should expect in a sharp and clever boy of that age; but two poems written at the age of fourteen give evidence of poetic talent, and particularly of that power of truthfully and vividly describing nature, which was the distinctive mark of the mature poet.

Uhland was a boy of a lively and merry disposition, and possessed, in common with the majority of German children, a lively interest in those games in which mimic manoeuvres and tin soldiers play a prominent part. He displayed a great natural taste for drawing, so much so indeed, that in his boyhood his inclination seemed to waver between poetry and painting. He possessed also a decided musical talent, although he did not play any instrument, but was in the habit of whistling accompaniments to his mother when she played the piano.

In the autumn of the year 1802 Uhland was obliged on matriculation to make choice of a profession. His natural inclination led him towards a career which would necessitate philological studies, but this idea was combatted by his father, who wished him

to become a Doctor of Medicine, and to succeed to the practice of his uncle, who was a physician of considerable reputation ; but when Uhland was called upon to decide definitely between jurisprudence and medicine, he chose the former. It was not, however, before the year 1805, that Uhland was obliged to commence in earnest his studies in jurisprudence, and in the interim his poetical genius had developed itself with rapid strides, while many extraneous causes served to stimulate and at the same time influence and characterize the thoughts and opinions of the budding poet.

A decided reaction was at the epoch in question setting in against a trammelled and formal subserviency to the style and ideas of classical authors, and the course of political events naturally stirred up in the German breast all that was inspiring and glorious in the bygone ages of the German nation.

A full stream of this chivalrous and patriotic feeling flowed through the youthful and poetic Uhland, and some of the finest of his poems bear the date 1804 or 1805 ;

and among these several, which already bear the mark of an advanced skill in versification, as will be seen by reference to the dates prefixed to the translations. Besides the poems which are published in the usual editions, the student is referred to "The Life and Poems of Ludwig Uhland" by Friederich Notter, Stuttgart, 1863, for the text of several beautiful pieces, which were written at this time.

During his residence at college, Uhland did not enter into the frivolities and dissipations of a student's life, and though willing enough to enjoy the society of friends of his own age and standing, his intercourse with them was even at that time marked by that reticence and silence in conversation which distinguished his bearing in society in his subsequent life. His intimate friends were, Harprecht, who was killed in the Russian Campaign; Schoder, who was obliged to leave Wirtemberg for political causes, and who was drowned in the Baltic; Karl Meyer, who was devotedly attached to him during his whole lifetime; and last, but not least, Justin Kerner: his friend-

ship with whom affords a remarkable instance of the well-worn aphorism, that extremes meet; inasmuch as Kerner exhibited in his vivacious and genial eccentricity a marked contrast to the sedate and placid Uhland. In the weekly meetings of the society of which these students were members, the opinions of Uhland were always listened to with great deference, as he always clinched the subject under discussion with precision and succinctness. Under the *nom de plume* of Florens, he sent at this period several contributions to a periodical which was produced amongst the students at Tuebingen; and the arrival of Varnhagen at that town brought him into closer connection with Chamisso and Fouqué, and other poets of the Romantic School. In the course of the year 1808, Uhland completed his academical course, and passed his final examination with great credit. His compositions during the next two years are fragmentary in their nature, owing to the necessity for application to further study for his Doctor's degree, which he took in April, 1810.



Shortly after this, Uhland carried into execution a plan which he had long meditated, namely, a journey to Paris. The principal object of this undertaking was, that he might acquire a more intimate acquaintance with French Jurisprudence, inasmuch as the Code Napoleon seemed likely enough at that time to become the law of the land in his native Wirtemberg. At that time it was necessary to procure the permission of the King before leaving the country, and the liability of being recalled at any moment greatly hampered our poet, as he felt unwilling to embark in any studies or undertakings which a peremptory summons from his sovereign might cause him hastily to abandon. To this visit to Paris, however, may be attributed many of the finest of Uhland's poems, as well as his productions under the head of Old French Literature. The Cycle of poems of which Roland is the hero, doubtless owed its origin to the opportunities which our poet was offered during his residence at Paris of free access to the libraries filled with manuscripts descriptive of the doings

of King Charlemagne and his Paladins. His stay in Paris occupied a space of ten months. During his residence in the French capital Uhland led a very retired life, although he was received at the Austrian Embassy, and had the advantage of Varnhagen's introduction to various friends, who were at the time staying at Paris. Chamisso gives the opinion which he had at that time formed of our poet as follows: "I have made the personal acquaintance of Uhland, and read a considerable number of his poems, amongst other his 'Shifflein.' I must confess that, after Goethe, no poet has to such a degree touched me. There are such things as excellent poems, which everybody writes and nobody reads; and there are again very excellent poems which nobody writes and everybody reads, and under this latter head I must class those of Uhland." By the instrumentality of Varnhagen, Uhland also became acquainted with Emanuel Becker, with whom he subsequently contracted an intimate friendship. The poet and the philologist pursued their studies together, and were

accustomed to pass the evening in Uhland's room in the fifth storey of the Hôtel de Sicile in the Rue Richelieu, reading to one another, and conversing on subjects of mutual interest.

On his return journey to Germany, Uhland stayed some time at Strasburg, and also paid a visit to his friend Kerner at Wildbad, and concerted plans with him for the publication of the Poetical Almanack for 1812, as well as other undertakings, in which the united talent of the Romantic School of North and South Germany was represented. On his return to Tuebingen, he entered into intimate friendship with Gustav Schwab, whose lively character was of great service in awakening and calling into play the more volatile traits of our poet's disposition.

In December, 1812, in accordance with the wish of his father, he entered the office of the Minister of Justice, Von der Luhe, at Stuttgardt, as an unpaid supernumerary. His repeated applications to be advanced to the post of paid secretary met, however, with no response, and not being particularly pleased with the duties of his situation,

where his enlarged ideas were often opposed to the red-tapeism of Wirtemberg official routine, he tendered his resignation in the summer of 1814, which was accepted with regret by his chief, who had learnt to appreciate the energy and decision of his subordinate, however much he may have disagreed with his views.

Uhland was now regularly enrolled among the ranks of the advocates at Stuttgart, but he confined his efforts principally to the defence of criminals and the poor.

About this period many of the poems of a lighter and more amusing character were composed at the house of his friend, Albert Schott, who was the principal member of the society of the Schattenkraenzchen, so called, because its sittings were held at an inn, whose sign was the Shadow.

In the year 1815, the first edition of Uhland's poems was presented to the public. By the instrumentality of his friend Von Wangenheim, Cotta was reluctantly induced to carry out the publication. The undertaking did not meet with any great success. The second edition was printed in 1820,

the third in 1826; and there is a report current among booksellers that the larger portion of the two first editions was eventually disposed of to the waste-paper trade; but after the year 1831 the sale was a rapid one; so much so, that up to the present time upwards of forty editions have appeared. In explanation of this slow but steady increase of Uhland's popularity may be adduced the fact, that the period immediately succeeding the violent political commotion of the commencement of the century was not a favourable one for the reception of the calm and peaceful lyrics of our poet. But a quieter period followed, when Uhland's name became also better known in the political and literary world. It was then that the sister-muse of Music lent her aid to his quill, and the well-known composer, Conradin Kreuzer, did much to render Uhland celebrated throughout Germany and the world at large, by setting many of his songs to music. Having thus offered an explanation, why the popularity of our poet was not so great at first as it was hereafter destined to become, we are led by the fact,

that so many of his poems were set to music, to consider this peculiarity of his poetry. The cause undoubtedly is, that the natural and unadorned style of Uhland's compositions will better bear the addition of musical expression than the more laboured and ornate productions of Goethe and Schiller ; and the fact, that the ballads and legends of his country formed the subject of the greater portion of his poems, tended to endear his poetry to the hearts of the people around him ; and it is really after all the heart of the working classes that must be reached and touched, in order to render a poet truly popular to a nation at large.

Soon after the first publication of his poems, Uhland was called upon to enter seriously into political life. It would be of no advantage or interest to wade through the mass of German politics, which belongs to the epoch which was inaugurated by the Congress of Vienna. The feeling against France had never been a bitter one in Wirtemberg, owing to its King being a steady ally of Napoleon, and to the country having received an augmentation of power and

territory at the hands of the conqueror. But at the end of the war, when the King was obliged to form part of a confederation, and to rule constitutionally, the voice of the people made itself heard, and demands arose for rights and privileges, to which the people were justly entitled, and which, indeed, they had already enjoyed in bygone times. Among the citizens of Stuttgart, who thus raised their voice in the cause of political freedom, Uhland played a prominent part: and at this time were written many of the patriotic and political pieces, which have not been reproduced in the translation, as being of no great interest even to Germans at the present time and of none at all to ourselves, and indeed, as a rule, these poems do not possess in themselves any great literary merit. But the aspect of the political horizon was materially changed by the unexpected death of King Friederich, in October, 1816. But the hopes, which were raised by the accession of a King, who during his father's life-time had opposed the policy of that sovereign, and advocated concessions to the people,

were soon dashed to the ground, and Von Wangenheim, the Prime Minister of Friedrich enjoyed the confidence of the new King. The demands and outcries of the agitators increased in violence, and Uhland lent his talent and influence to uphold the sweeping and ever increasing demands of the popular party, which even went so far as to advocate the total abolition of the Upper House. Matters reached a climax when the deputies rejected the ultimatum of the King for the establishment of a new constitution, and the assembly was dissolved in June, 1817, and an interregnum without a constitution supervened. The opposition of Uhland to the Court, and his discontent with the condition of political affairs, caused him to lead a somewhat retired life, and his unyielding firmness in upholding his principles even led to a temporary estrangement from some of his old friends. His opposition to the King did not, however, prevent his composing a very touching and laudatory poem on the death of the Queen in 1819; for which act he received the thanks of his sovereign.



On a new Parliament being summoned to assemble at Ludwigsburg, Uhland was chosen by a large majority to represent the district of Tuebingen. During the sittings of this assembly the new proposals of the King were accepted, and a constitution established, which placed Wirtemberg for many years in an enviable position as contrasted with the rest of Germany. In celebration of this event, Uhland's drama, *Duke Ernest of Swabia*, was, on October 18th, represented in the theatre at Stuttgart, with a prologue written by the author for the occasion. This drama had appeared for the first time on the 7th of May of the same year, and it and "*Ludwig der Baier*" are the only two dramatic works of Uhland which were completed. The poetic beauty of these pieces will always ensure for them admiring readers; but the want of dramatic talent and the weakness in the connection of the parts will, on the other hand, tend to exclude them from the stage.

In the year 1820, Uhland married Emily Vischer, the "*Ungenannte*" of his poems.

Although not blessed with any children by this union, the married years of Uhland's life were passed in the enjoyment of unbroken domestic happiness, and his labours rendered easy and his trials light by the companionship of a partner whose character, tastes, and mode of thought were similar to his own. The close attention which Uhland bestowed on his duties in the representative assembly may be seen from the fact, that the wedding had to be put off on the day appointed for its celebration, because parliamentary duties detained the bridegroom at the hour which had been settled on.

This change in Uhland's domestic affairs was a very opportune one. His want of success in his native Wirtemberg, in political life, had led him to the fixed idea of seeking his fortunes elsewhere; and when all his efforts to procure a Professorship in some other German State were unsuccessful, he was rapidly sinking into a morbid and despondent frame of mind, from which his marriage with his talented and sympathetic wife fortunately rescued him. He went

indeed so far as to compare himself to John the Parricide, the hero of a melancholy dramatic piece, which he was at this time sketching. In political matters his efforts were at this time continuously directed against any infringement of the constitution, and in bringing forward measures which were ultra-liberal in their tendency.

In the year 1827 the wishes of Uhland's heart were gratified by his being unanimously summoned to fill the chair of the Professorship of German Literature at the University of his native town of Tuebingen. The government offered great opposition to the election of the Senate, and it was only after the lapse of six months, after repeated applications from that body, that the government finally consented to an appointment, which seemed to reward the independent and contumacious deputy in an unmerited manner. In consequence, Uhland moved to Tuebingen in the commencement of 1830, and began his course of lectures in May of the same year: and took as his subjects the *Nibelungen Lied*, and the *Mythological Sagas of the North*; and

succeeded in arousing the interest and attention of the students who joined his classes in a wonderful degree.

But the Professor did not long continue to hold his post. The French Revolution of 1830, and the Polish Insurrection, had stirred up a tumult throughout Europe which was felt in a modified form in the kingdom of Wirtemberg. Uhland again took his place in the representative assembly, and in order to be enabled to do so, was compelled to resign his appointment at the University. In the political debates which supervened, the party to which Uhland belonged was in a decided minority; and in 1839 he retired to Tuebingen, where he led a very quiet and retired life, till he was again summoned into the arena of politics by the political crisis of 1848. The interim was employed in frequent journeys to various parts of Germany, and even to neighbouring countries, in some of which expeditions he was accompanied by his wife. Whilst on his travels, he was very anxious to avoid all notoriety, and was much annoyed when any public recognition

of his genius obliged him to appear in the light of a public character. He was well pleased, however, by the tribute paid to his talent, when a girl of North Germany, who had been deeply touched by his poem, 'The Starved Poet,' sent him a piece of gold, in order that he might be able to buy a good draught of wine. In this well-known poem, Uhland is said to have intended to represent the unfortunate Stoll of Vienna, and of course the composition did not contain any allusion to himself.

During this period Uhland did not compose many pieces, and he is said to have once replied to the question which a stranger asked; "Why he allowed his Muse to slumber so long," by the answer; "I don't let my Muse slumber, it is my Muse which lets me."

In 1845, Uhland published a collection of High and Low German Popular Songs, thus doing for German, what Scott had done for Scottish minstrelsy.

The disturbances of 1848, as stated above, put an end to this tranquil existence. At a popular meeting, held for the purpose of

bringing about that chimerical problem, German Unity, Uhland spoke at great length, and also with power and perspicuity; and his speech was indeed attended with such success, that at its conclusion, the whole assembly, simultaneously and bare-headed, broke out into Uhland's well-known song:

“Wenn heut' ein Geist herniederstiege.”

Uhland was subsequently chosen to proceed as representative to Frankfort to the Assembly of seventeen members convened from all the German States to meet in that city. Previous to his departure for Frankfort, the town and university of Tuebingen honoured their delegate with a torch-light procession, an attention which must have been the more pleasing to Uhland, as affording a proof, that he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-subjects, though that of his sovereign was withheld from him.

Uhland took but a small part in the discussion of the constitutional problem, but spoke at some length in the final debates, the details of which belong rather to the

sphere of History than to a biographical Memoir. When the place of assembly of the delegates was subsequently changed from Frankfort to Stuttgardt, the life of Uhland was exposed to some danger on the forcible expulsion of the members from the building where they were in the habit of holding their sittings.

From this period of political excitement, till his death in 1862, Uhland lived a retired and uneventful life, in the society of his friends and books, his opinions and sentiments greatly toned down and softened by age, but still opposed to the idea which in his latter years he had strenuously combatted, and which now seems to be a *fait accompli*, viz. Prussian Hegemony.

In attending the funeral of an old acquaintance in 1862, Uhland caught a severe cold, which stretched him, for the first time in his life, on a bed of sickness; and the disease, by gradually sapping his strength, brought about his dissolution on November 13th, 1862, at the age of 75 years. His funeral was attended by representatives of various learned bodies from all parts of

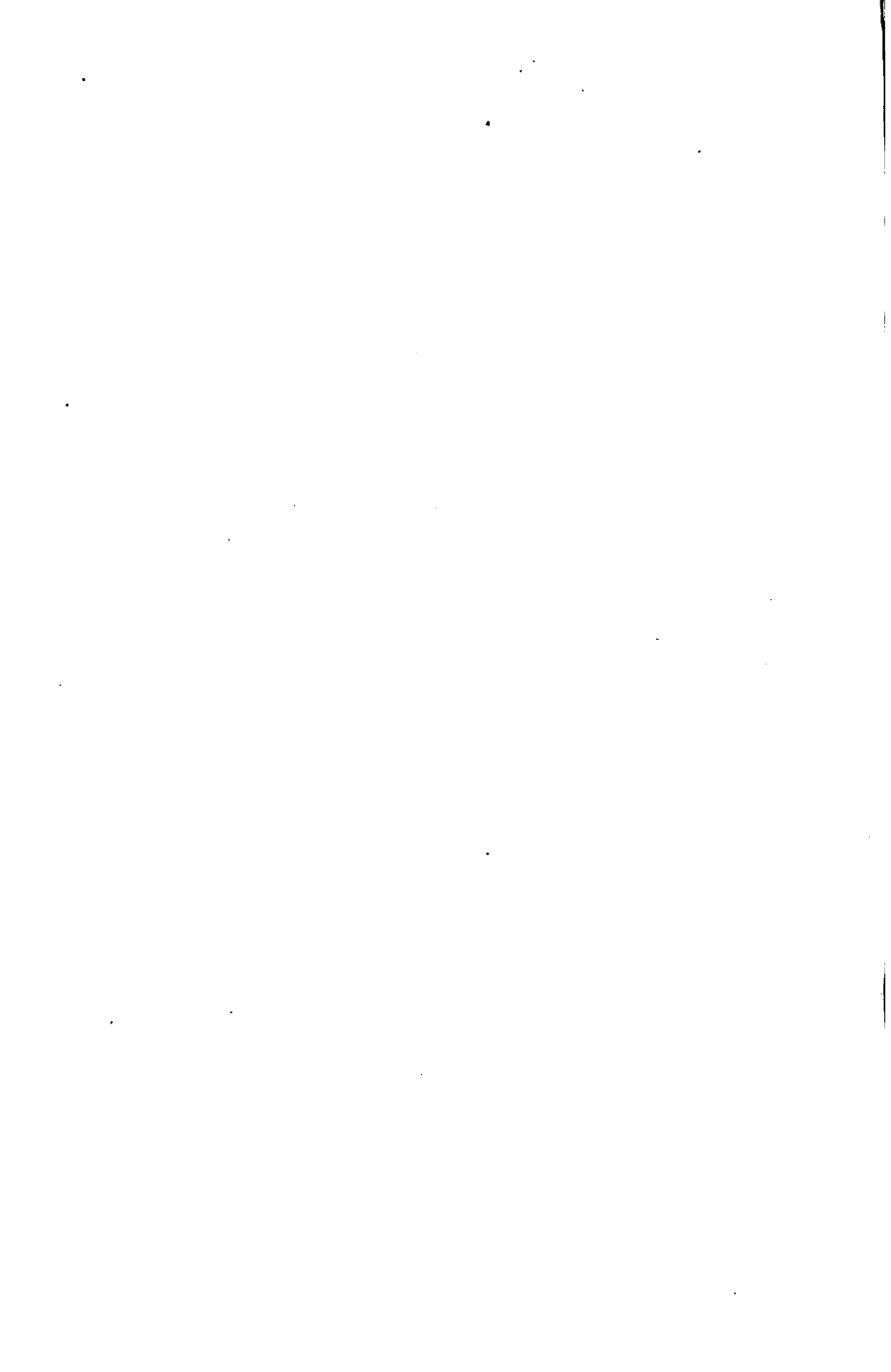
Germany, and by thousands of enthusiastic admirers from among his countrymen and fellow-students, and it was only the Government which failed to pay the last token of respect to the departed poet.

Such was Ludwig Uhland—a man who, as has been already remarked by one of his compatriots, if he is not entitled to be reckoned amongst poets of the very highest order, has attained such a fame, that it is only the greatest of poets who can afford not to be jealous of him—a man of virtuous life, deep feeling, noble sentiments, unshaken veracity, ingenuous modesty, manly courage, and heartfelt love of his country, and who, to crown all, was possessed with the gift of true poetic talent to hand down these noble qualities of his mind for the good of his fellow-creatures and the delectation of future ages.





# LYRIC POETRY.



## LYRIC POETRY.

---

### ODE TO DEATH.

1805.

WHEN, as evening shades are lulling  
Earth to rest, thou stray'st alone,  
All the fruit and blossom culling  
For thy sickle God hath sown,  
Spare then, Death ! the babe which glancing  
Upwards from its mother's breast,  
By sweet ditties charmed to rest,  
Sees the eyes whence love is dancing.

Spare to earth her sons, her treasure,  
Through whose veins the life-streams  
bound,  
So with joyous songs of pleasure,  
Shall our lifeless woods resound ;  
Quench not, Death ! the sage's learning,  
Round whose fuller light of day,  
Interwoven, blithe and gay,  
Still youth's moon-lit lamp is burning.

But on clouds of silver riding,  
When the stars reveal their light,  
Come, where by the lone hearth bidding,  
Weeps the old man night by night;  
Speak loved names to ease th' heart-  
smarting,

Bear him to them to the shore,  
Where the love-glance never more  
Dims beneath the tears of parting.

And the youth, whom Love has given  
Yearnings deep, to fill his breast,  
Who his open arms to Heaven  
Stretches, in his wild unrest;  
Or with eyes love-ardent roaming  
Seeks the far star-blossomed skies—  
Clasp him, Death, and kindly wise  
Lead him to the purple gloaming :

Where mid bridal song and splendour  
Love breathes on him pure and warm,  
Greets him with a greeting tender,  
Seen in spiritual form ;  
Where an extasy supernal  
Keeps its May-time in his soul,  
In a life renewed and whole,  
With a melody eternal.

---

## THE KING ON THE TOWER.

1805.

THEY are lying the heights so gray aloft,  
The dusky valleys are hushed around,  
And slumber is reigning, the breezes waft  
To me no complaining sound.

I have cared and striven for every one's sake,  
I have drunk with sorrow the sparkling  
wine,  
The night is here, and the sky is awake,  
And there's joy in this soul of mine.

Oh thou golden writing in heaven's space,  
Mine eyes seek gladly a sight so dear,  
And ye tones of wonder, I scarce can trace,  
How ye strike and ye charm my ear.

My hair has grown gray, and my sight is  
gone,  
My trophies of victory hang in the hall;  
I have rightly spoken and rightly done,  
Oh when shall I rest at all?

Oh heavenly rest! how yearn I for thee,  
Oh royal night! thou lingerest long,  
Ere the fuller light of the stars I see,  
And list to a fuller song.

---

## THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

1805.

It is a poor man that I am,  
And lonesome is my way ;  
Oh ! that once more it might be mine  
To feel my spirit gay !

Once in my parents' lovèd home  
A happy child was I,  
But bitter anguish is my lot,  
Since in the grave they lie.

The rich man's garden see I bloom,  
The golden yield I see,  
Mine is, alas, a fruitless path  
Of care and agony.

Yet join I fain with silent woe  
The busy throng of man,  
And every one I wish good-day,  
With all the warmth I can.

Yet, bounteous God ! Thou leav'st me not  
Of every joy bereft,  
A comfort sweet for all the world,  
That falls from Heaven, is left.

In every village of the land  
Thy holy fanes appear ;  
The organ tone and choral song,  
Strike thence on every ear.

And sun and moon and stars their light  
Still kindly shed on me,  
And when the Vesper-bell resounds,  
Then talk I, Lord ! with Thee.

Hereafter to Thy halls of bliss  
To each a path is given,  
Then come I too in wedding garb,  
And feast with Thee in Heaven.

---

TO A CHILD.

1814.

FROM all that fills my wearied soul with  
    woe,  
To thee, dear child ! for solace will I go,  
    Refreshing both my heart and sight  
    With thy angelic light,  
With thy sweet innocence and purity,  
Which flows unspotted from thy God to  
    thee.

---



## THE CHAPEL.

1805.

THERE above there stands a chapel,  
Looking downwards on the vale ;  
And below by spring and meadow,  
Sings the shepherd-lad his tale.

From the height the bell is tolling,  
And the funeral dirge sounds sad ;  
Hushed are now the merry ditties,  
And in silence harks the lad.

Upwards they are ever taken,  
Who in life made glad the vale ;  
Shepherd lad, oh take the warning,  
Once for thee shall sound this wail.

---

PEACEFUL DAYS.

1805.

I LOVE those days, when gently gliding,  
The spring-tide grows beneath the gaze,  
The sky its azure depths dividing,  
Smiles on the earth with genial rays ;

The ice is gray still in the valley,  
But yet the hill-tops catch the sun,  
Fair maidens from the cottage sally,  
And children's play seems fresh begun.

Then stand I on the hill, discerning  
With silent rapture, all below,  
My heart is moved by gentle yearning,  
Which to a wish shall never blow.  
I am a child, and sport enraptured  
With those delights which Nature shows,  
By Nature's tranquil senses captured  
My soul rests rocked in sweet repose.

I love those days, when gently gliding  
The sun still lingers on the lea,  
And old-men know they're not abiding:—  
For then is Nature's jubilee;  
No more she gleams in pride and splendour,  
Long is her youthful vigour flown,  
In peace she broods o'er memories tender,  
And scans the future, the unknown.

The soul but now so proudly soaring,  
Stoops to the earth in lowly flight,  
Contented, all things else ignoring,  
Fond memory is her one delight;

The sense of soft repose is thrilling,  
Which to the soul kind Nature gave;  
It seems to me, as were I willing  
To lay me in my peaceful grave.

---

A WONDER.

1805.

A FEW days past, and she was playing,  
A child!—it seems so long ago!  
The flower its leaves is now displaying,  
Now shutting, as if loth to blow;  
The cause of this, oh who can tell?  
Or are my senses 'neath a spell?

Her words, 'tis true, are childlike still,  
Her eyes are glancing bright and pure,  
But hundred depths with meaning fill,  
Which my enchanted gaze allure;  
'Tis love alone this wonder works,  
That love, where many a wonder lurks.

---

THE MONK AND THE SHEPHERD.

MONK.

WHY standest thou in grief apart?

Oh shepherd, tell to me,  
For I too have a wounded heart,  
That draws me unto thee.

SHEPHERD.

Thou askest that ! oh look around  
This valley dear to me,  
No flower doth deck my pasture ground,  
And faded is each tree.

MONK.

Cease thy lament—what is thy pain ?  
Naught but a fitful dream ;  
The clover soon with flowers again,  
The tree with bloom, shall gleam.

The cross I kneel at will be seen  
In woodland green and warm,  
But it, alas ! doth ne'er grow green,  
Bears aye a dying form.

## SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY-SONG.

1805.

THE Lord's own day is here !  
In all the plain I am alone,  
Still hear I one sweet church-bell's tone,  
Then silence far and near.

I worship on my knee !  
Oh awe so sweet ! oh thrill so keen,  
As were there many here unseen,  
And knelt and prayed with me.

The heaven far away !  
It seems so glorious and so clear,  
Just, just as would the Lord appear,  
On this the Lord's own day !

---

## THE SONG OF THE NUNS.

1806.

AWAKE ! in melody supernal  
Ye pious sisters, raise your notes,  
Where heavenwards the cloud-rack  
floats,

The purest Sun is brightly shining ;  
In jubilee our tones combining,  
We'll sing of Thee, Thou Love eternal.

Though all our tender blossoms wither,  
And earthly passions mar their course,  
Thou art a never-ending Source  
At which to seek a virgin whiteness ;  
A never-dying flame, whose brightness  
Our hearts and altars guard together.

Oh heavenly babe, so sweet and tender,  
Thou cam'st to earth all smilingly,  
Within the Virgin's arms to lie,  
From Thy bright eyes to her was given  
To drink of glory straight from heaven,  
Till round her shone her aureol's splendour.

Thy arms divine with wondrous pity  
Thou didst upon the cross expand,  
Then shrieks the storm, and groans  
the land :  
Come forth ! ye dead, your graves forsaking,  
Come forth ! ye dead, your fetters breaking,  
Christ calls you to the holy city.

Oh Love so deep we know it never !  
This earth is but a trance to me,  
Where dream I longingly of Thee ;  
But there shall come a glorious waking,  
When my poor ray its sphere forsaking  
Shall shine in the Great Sun for ever.

---

## THE HERD-BOY'S SONG.

1806.

A MOUNTAIN shepherd-boy am I,  
The castles far below I spy ;  
The glorious sun I'm first to see,  
He lingers longest here with me,  
I am the mountain herd-boy.

Here is the cradle of the stream,  
I drink it fresh from rocky seam ;  
So small at first its boisterous course,  
I throw my arms its rush across,  
I am the mountain herd-boy.

The mountain is my very own,  
Around me here the storm-winds groan ;  
And when they howl from south to north,  
My song rings louder than their wrath,  
I am the mountain herd-boy.

Beneath me gleams the lightning dread,  
But here the sky is blue o'erhead;  
I know the thunder well, and cry:  
My father's cottage go not nigh;  
I am the mountain herd-boy.

And when the tocsin calls to fight,  
And red is many a beacon light,  
I leave my mount, and join the throng,  
And swing my sword, and sing my song,  
I am the mountain-herd boy.

---

DETERMINATION.

1805.

To these still groves I know she's coming,  
To-day to do the deed I'll try,  
What! shall a maiden make me tremble,  
Who really would not hurt a fly!

Though everybody greets her gladly,  
Yet still I dare not say good-day;  
But from the star, which shines so kindly,  
I always turn my face away.



The flowers, which bend their cups towards  
her,

The birds, which sing their merry song,  
Dare mention love, and talk of wooing;  
Then why should I delay so long?

I've passed long hours in prayer to heaven,  
With bitter tears that nightly fell,  
But never have I mustered courage,  
To say the word: I love thee well.

Beneath yon shady tree I'll lay me,  
Where every day she passes by,  
And then I'll talk, as were I dreaming,  
And say I love her tenderly.

But stop! Good heavens, there she's  
coming!

What can I do, she'll see me here,  
I'll hide myself behind the bushes,  
And stop there—till the coast is clear.

---

## HOW THE WORLD RUNS.

1807.

ACROSS the mead at even-tide  
My path doth ever lie ;  
She to her summer house hath hied,  
And peeps as I pass by,  
Of fixed appointments have we none ;  
'Tis but the way the world doth run.

How first it chanced I cannot guess ;  
I kiss her every day,  
I ask no leave, she says not, yes,  
But still she says not, nay ;  
When lip on lip so eager lights,  
Why should we pause in our delights ?

The breeze that with the rose-bud sports,  
Asks never : Lov'st thou me ?  
The rose, which pearly dew-drops courts,  
Says never : Give to me !  
So I love her, and she loves me,  
Yet neither says : I love but thee.

---

## FOREST SONG.

1807.

GAILY I thread the glade alone,  
For robbers care I naught,  
A loving heart is all I own,  
That miscreant never sought.

What creeps, what rustles through the glen?  
A murderer with his knife?  
Forth springs my loved one, yes and then  
Kisses away my life.

---

## A HAPPY DEATH.

1807.

STILL and dead was I  
In rapturous love charms,  
And deeply lay I  
Buried in her arms,  
Awakened was I  
By her soft kisses,  
And heaven gleamed from  
Her eyes' abysses.

---

CONTENTMENT.

1808.

Down by the lime-tree yonder,  
With love that age grew fonder,  
    We sat us, hand in hand ;  
The vernal breeze was sleeping,  
The sun on high was keeping  
    Watch o'er the slumbering land.

In silence we were sitting,  
Joy through our hearts was flitting;  
    Our blood seemed scarce to flow ;  
For why should we be speaking ?  
And what could we be seeking ?  
    We knew all we would know.

Henceforward naught could fail us,  
No longings could assail us,  
    For we had ample store,  
From loving eye flashed greeting,  
Our lips were fondly meeting,  
    What could we wish for more ?



## SUBLIME LOVE.

1808.

YE rest with rapturous love delighted,  
For your life's golden apples fall ;  
One glance alone on me hath lighted,  
Yet am I richer than ye all.

To fortune am I naught beholden,  
But, like a martyr, glance on high,  
Above me, in the distance golden,  
I caught a glimpse beyond the sky.

---

## THE GOSSAMER.

1822.

As in the fields I stray with Mary,  
A gossamer floats daintily,  
The slender web of some bright fairy  
Forms a sweet link twixt her and me ;  
I take it as a kindly token,  
A token that love gladly sees ;  
Hopes of the hopeful to be broken !  
The dewy plaything of the breeze.

---

BY NIGHT.

1808.

I GAZE toward the silent house,  
I lean against a tree ;  
She's lying there in peaceful rest,  
Methinks she dreams of me.

And then I gaze toward the sky,  
The clouds are black as night,  
But see ! behind the darksome clouds,  
There shines the full-moon's light.

---

A BAD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

1809.

I LEAVE my room but very rarely,  
Still my work grows never less ;  
And though my books are opened fairly,  
Not a page can I progress.

When I work, my next-door neighbour  
On his flute begins to play ;  
And a girl (far worse than Weber)  
Lives exactly o'er the way.

---

## PEASANT'S ADVICE ON MARRIAGE.

1807.

If thou would'st wed, in summer time  
In garden woo thy love,  
For then the days are long enough,  
At night 'tis clear above.

Ere winter time the holy rite  
Must duly be fulfilled ;  
The season's past to view the moon,  
By snows thy love is chilled.

---

THE BLACKSMITH.

1809.

My true love I hear !  
His hammer he's swinging,  
'Tis rushing and ringing  
Through streets and through alleys,  
Like bells through the valleys,  
It falls on my ear.

As on him I gaze,  
His stithy past flitting,  
By black anvil sitting,  
With bellows a' roaring,  
And red flames a' soaring,  
He gleams in the blaze.

---

HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

1812.

No better sport on such a day  
Than through the woods to wander,  
Where sings the thrush and shrieks the jay,  
Where stag and roe meander.

Oh, sat my love on bough so green,  
And like a mavis singing !  
Oh fled she like a roe ! I ween  
I'd like a stag be springing.

---

THE SHEPHERD'S WINTER-SONG.

1809.

OH Winter, horrid Winter !  
The world is very small,  
Thou shutt'st us in the valleys,  
In narrow bothies all.



And when I pass the cottage,  
My true-love's dwelling-place,  
Scarce will she from the window  
Put out her pretty face :

And if I pluck up courage,  
And go into the house,  
She sits beside her mother,  
As still as any mouse.

Oh Summer, lovely Summer !  
The world is very wide,  
The more I mount the hill-tops,  
It spreads on every side.

And standing on the boulders,  
My love, I call to thee,  
And no one hears, but echo  
Brings back my voice to me.

And when my own I'm clasping,  
On mountain-top so free,  
We spy o'er all the country,  
But no one's by to see.

---

## THE PRISONER'S SONG.

1807.

OH Lark! how thy song  
Aye bears me along,  
Disdainful the world below scorning;  
In rapt extasy  
I carol with thee,  
And mount through the clouds to the  
morning.

Thou utt'rest no sound,  
As thou sink'st to the ground,  
On the green mead o'er which thou hast  
risen;  
And no sound at all,  
Give I as I fall  
To the woes and the rust of my prison.

---

## THE CHURCHYARD IN SPRING.

1822.

PEACEFUL garden, make thee haste,  
Deck thyself with beauteous posies,  
Be all signs of earth effaced,  
Hide them with a bank of roses.

Hide from me the earth so black,  
For the very sight wakes sadness,  
Lest to earth, alas, there lack  
One who makes my joy and gladness.

If the grave requireth me,  
Well! why then I must be taken;  
Still methinks on earth there'd be  
Spheres of usefulness forsaken.

---

### THE PRAISE OF SPRING.

1811.

FLOWERS breathe fragrance, crops are fair,  
Larks are warbling, blackbirds sing,  
Sun and showers in balmy air,

When I things like these can name,  
What is wanting for thy fame?  
When I praise thee, new-born Spring.

---

TO ANONYMA.

1819.

OH would that on a mountain-height  
Alone with thee I stood,  
That thence could range unchecked our  
sight  
O'er valley and o'er wood ;  
Then would I show thee lying there,  
The world in vernal pride,  
And say, were mine this landscape fair,  
We would the world divide.

And couldst thou search with piercing eye,  
Within my heart of hearts,  
Where all the songs emburied lie,  
A bounteous God imparts,  
Then thou, methinks, would'st clearly see  
How for the right I long ;  
E'en when I do not speak of thee,  
Thy spirit stirs my song.

---

## ON A GIRL DANCING.

1829.

AH ! when thou tripp'st in wavy figure,  
Light-poising in thy youthful vigour,  
    Spurning the earth with nimble toe,  
Then each one must confess on seeing,  
That thou art not an earth-born being,  
    Thy soul is ether here below.

Alas ! but with the call to sever  
From this gay world below for ever,  
    Say, soul, wilt thou be fit to flee ?  
Who knows ?—the butterfly that dances  
On every opening flower that glances,  
    Betoken immortality.

---

## ON A STARVED POET.

1816.

BEFORE thy birth a fate unkind  
    Had marked thy path with care ;  
Thy food, thy storehouse, was thy mind,  
    For poets live on air.

3 The Muse, that o'er thy cradle stood,  
Told of thy bitter days ;  
Thy mouth was never meant for food,  
'Twas only meant for lays.

But all too soon thy mother died,  
And when she sank to rest,  
To thee, alas, was aid denied,  
Staunched was the loving breast.

The treasures of this world below  
Are pleasing to the sight,  
But for thine eye alone they glow ;  
For others the delight.

Transient as spring, thy youth escapes,  
The blossom-time for thee,  
Another culls thy purple grapes,  
Another strips thy tree.

Full many a time a humble draught  
Of water has been thine,  
Whilst revellers within have laughed ;  
Thy songs have spiced their wine.

Thy spirit, struggling to be free,  
Was scarce embodied here;  
'Tis granted now above to thee  
To taste ambrosia.

Thy corpse is borne—well yes, if worth  
The name, the name it owns,  
Too light to press the earth, the earth  
Rest lightly on thy bones.

---

THE VALE OF REST.

1812.

Off in twilight's lingering streak,  
Banks of golden clouds rise shimmering,  
Like an Alpine summit glimmering;  
I, when thus I've seen them,  
Think, perchance between them  
Lies the vale of rest I seek.

---

## LAMENT.

1816.

To be entombed, while still in life,  
Would be a piteous fate ;  
But we may meet, in this our strife,  
With evils just as great ;  
So 'tis, while yet the heart beats high,  
And life is in its prime,  
Through utter woe and misery,  
To age before our time.

---

## VINDICATION.

1816.

WE yearn in youthful years,  
For many a beauteous form,  
With violence and tears  
We take the sky by storm ;  
Kind Heaven hears our cry  
And smiling, answers ; no ;  
And waits—till soon pass by  
Our yearning and our woe.



But when the false to endure  
The heart no longer can,  
But seeks the true, the pure,  
To love its fellow-man,  
Yet striving as it may,  
It cannot reach a goal,  
Forgiveness' kindly ray  
Should greet that yearning soul.

---

## THE LARKS.

1834.

WHAT a warbling, what a flight !  
Thousand welcomes, larks so light :  
One is scouring o'er the lea,  
One is flitting through the tree.

Many a one takes wing on high,  
Floating upwards joyously ;  
One, more tuneful than the rest,  
Flutters here within my breast.

---

A POET'S BLESSING.

1834.

As I walked the meads among,  
Listening to the lark's clear song,  
I perceived an old man there,  
Working, with his snow-white hair.

Blessings, said I, on this field,  
To thy toil a plenteous yield,  
Blessings on thy withered hand  
Sowing seed upon the land.

Quoth he, as he mournful stood ;  
Poets' blessings are not good,  
But as Heaven's wrath, a bane,  
For they bring me flowers, not grain.

Friend, methinks, my modest lay  
Will not make thy field too gay ;  
Flowers enough to deck thy sheaves,  
Flowers thy little grandson weaves.

---

## MAY DEW.

1834.

On the wood and on the meadow,  
With the earliest morning-gray,  
Like a spring from Heaven descendeth,  
Fresh and cool, the dew of May ;  
That, which then each bliss enhances,  
Spreads the May-dew far and wide,  
Earth gains fragrance, leaves enamel,  
And the flowers gleam in their pride.

When the muscle drinks the dew-drop,  
Pearl-seeds grow within its shell ;  
When the oak-tree sucks the moisture,  
Bees make there the honied cell  
When the bird, as swift it flieth,  
Scarcely wets with dew its bill,  
Then it learns the clarion measures,  
Which the sleeping woodland fill.

In the calyx of the blue-bell  
Laves her face the maiden bright,  
As she bathes her golden tresses,  
How she gleams with heavenly light ;

E'en the eye, all red with weeping,  
From the dew-drop draws relief,  
Till, bedewed itself, the day-star,  
Beameth kindly on its grief.

Fall on me too, gentle dew-drop,  
Balsam meet for every pain ;  
Moisten thou my aching eye-lid,  
Steep my heart that thirsts again ;  
Give me youth and poet's rapture  
Heavenly forms on earth to view,  
Give me strength to bear the sun-beam—  
Fresh and pearly morning-dew !

---

ODE TO TEA.

1811.

LET soft and tender be the measures,  
As o'er the strings my finger runs ;  
I sing the most refined of treasures,  
Which Mother Earth showers on her  
sons.

In India's land of myth and fable,  
Where joyous spring grows never old,  
Oh tea ! thyself too thou art able  
Myth like, thy hey-day to unfold.

There naught but airy bee dare gather  
The honey from thy tender plant,  
There wondrous birds of varied feather,  
Alone may dare thy fame to chaunt.

When from the world, all rapt in wooing,  
Fond lovers to thy shade repair,  
Thy waving boughs keep gently strewing  
Thy flowers and leaflets on the pair.

Thus in thy native home thou growest,  
Where brightest rays unclouded shine ;  
And e'en in our far clime thou showest  
Thy taste so delicate and fine.

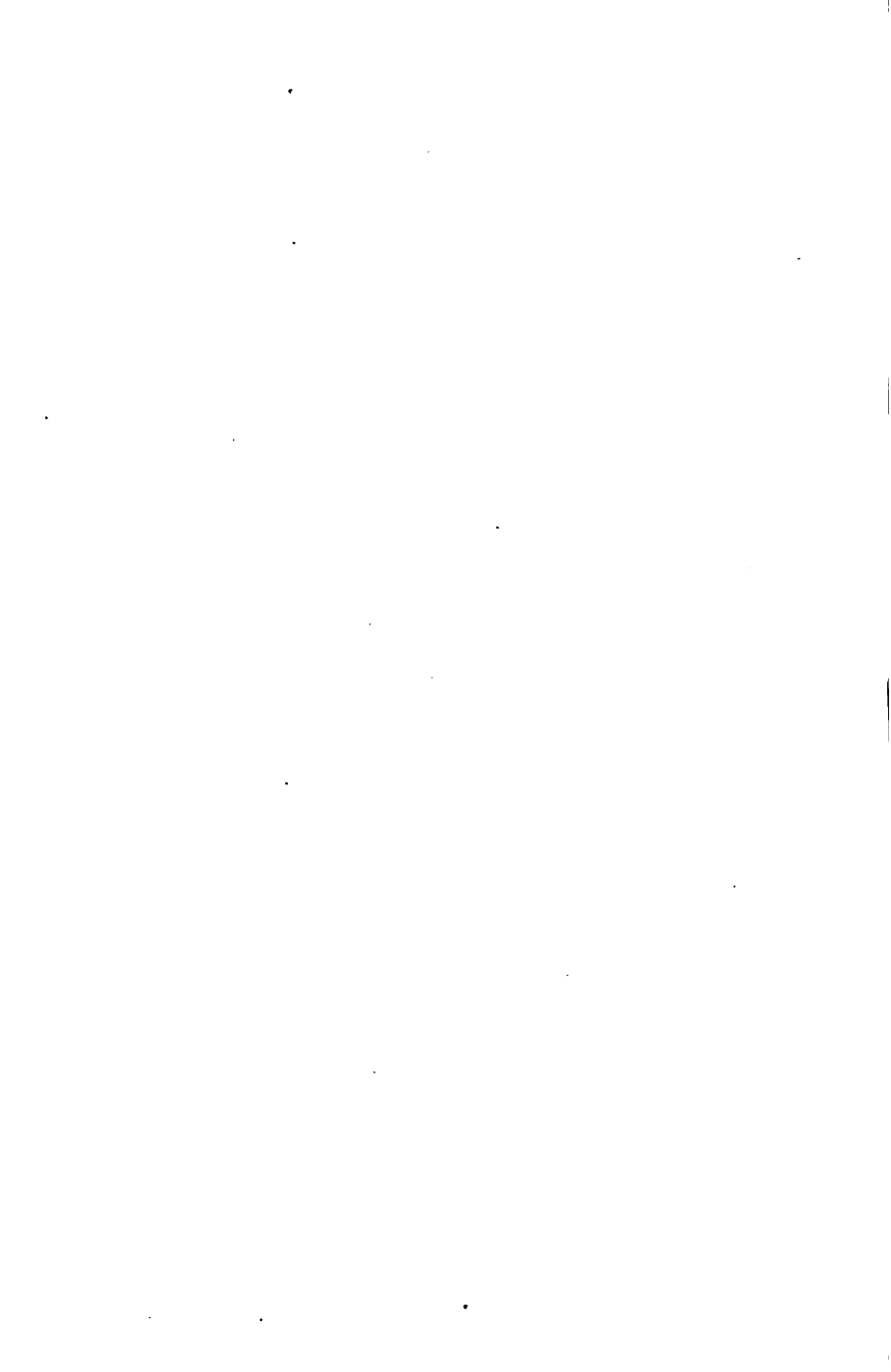
For only gentle ladies cover  
The tea-leaves with maternal wing,  
One sees them o'er the tea-pot hover,  
Like nymphs around some sacred spring.

For men can scarce succeed in feeling  
The depth and fulness all thy own ;  
Alas ! thy magic spell concealing  
For gentle ladies' lips alone.

'Tis true that I myself have never  
Felt all the charm that they perceive ;  
But what they one and all assever  
Why I too must, perforce, believe.

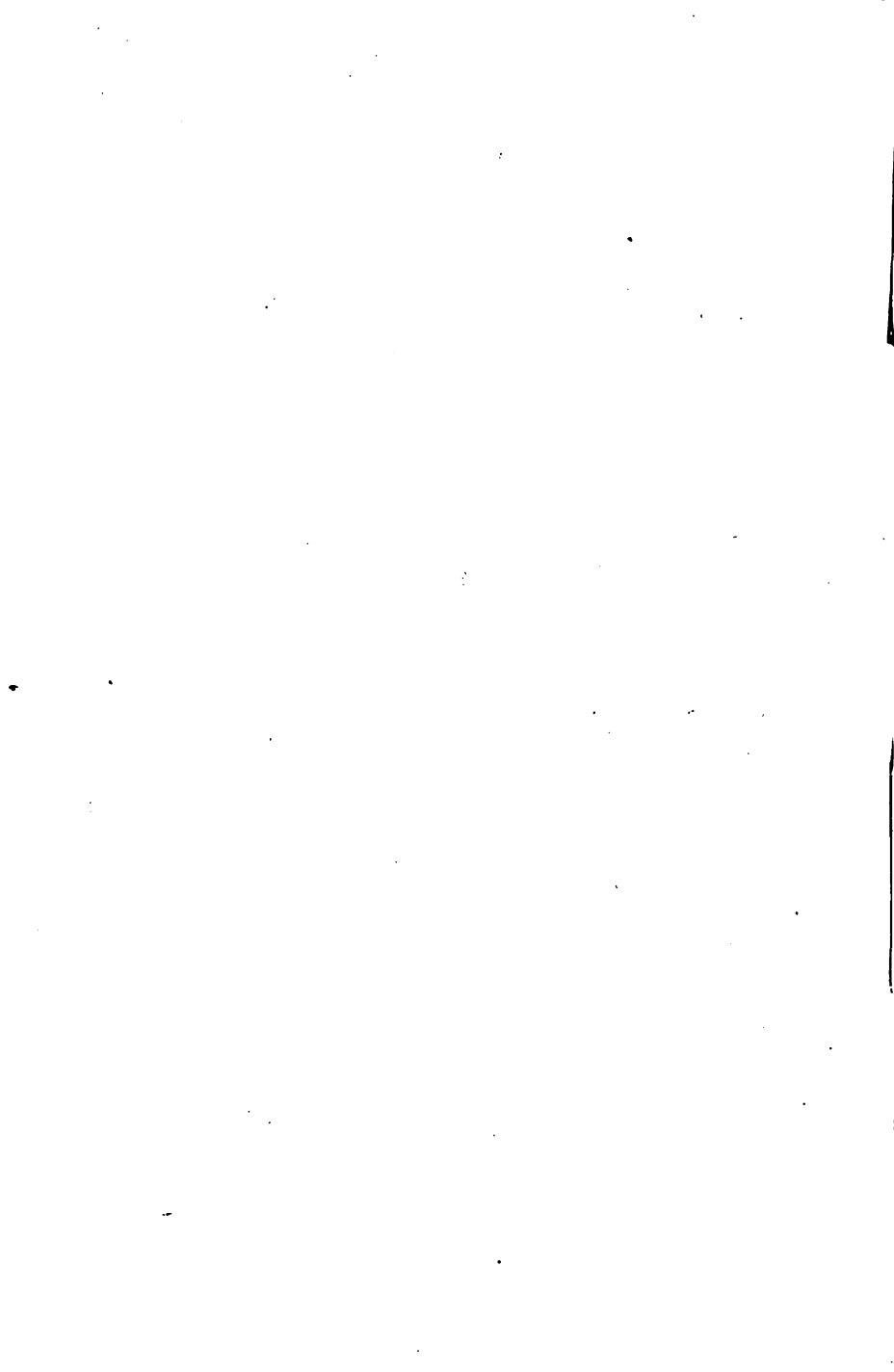
But low and modest be my measures,  
As o'er the strings my fingers run,  
And let the ladies sing those treasures,  
Most delicate beneath the sun.

---



PATRIOTIC SONGS,  
EPIGRAMS,  
DRAMATIC PIECES.





FORWARDS.

1814.

FORWARDS! on and ever on!  
Russia cries across the Don,  
Forwards!

Prussia hears the word so proud,  
Hears with joy and cries it loud,  
Forwards!

Up, thou mighty Austria!  
Forwards with the others near,  
Forwards!

Up, thou ancient Saxon-land!  
Ever forwards, hand in hand,  
Forwards!

On! Bavarians join the line,  
Forward Hessians to the Rhine,  
Forwards!

Forwards Holland, Netherlands!  
High the sword in your free hands,  
Forwards!

God shall speed ye, Canton band,  
Fair Lorraine and Burgund-land,  
Forwards!

Forwards Spain, on, England, on,  
Stretch your hands to brothers soon,  
Forwards!

Forwards on and ever on!  
Fair's the wind the harbour's won,  
Forwards!

\* "Forwards" is a Marshal's name,  
Forwards! warriors to fame,  
Forwards!

---

### THE GOOD OLD RIGHT.

1816.

WHENEVER Wirtembergers drink  
The Rhine-wine old and bright,  
The first of toasts should always be,  
Long live the good old Right!

The Right, which props our prince's house,  
On pillars firm and strong;  
The Right, which guards throughout the  
land,  
The peasant's home from wrong.

\* Blucher.

The Right, which gives us stable laws  
No prince's will may break,  
Which makes our courts of justice free,  
Where each his part may take.

The Right, which makes the taxes low,  
And knows so well to count,  
That, while it watches o'er the chest,  
Our burdens cannot mount.

Which guards our holy Church's good,  
With all a patron's care,  
Which fosters arts and sciences,  
And smiles on genius rare.

The Right, which grants that each may take  
His weapons in his hand,  
To fight his best, whene'er he please,  
For king and fatherland.

The Right, which leaves to each one free  
His way through all the earth  
To roam, unless he love too well  
The country of his birth.

The Right, a lustre to whose fame  
Long lapse of years imparts,  
Which each one, like his Christian faith,  
Loves in his heart of hearts.

The Right, which sad and evil times  
To deep oblivion gave,  
But now springs up with life renewed,  
Forth from its living grave.

And e'en when we are dead and gone,  
Grant it may ever last,  
And shine for child and children's child  
This treasure of the past.

And so when Wirtembergers drink  
The Rhine-wine old and bright,  
The first of toasts shall always be,  
Long live the good old Right !

---

PRAYER OF A WIRTEMBERGER.

1817.

OH THOU, who from Thy throne on high,  
Guardest the nations here below,  
Surely Thou see'st this people's woe,  
Our abject, bitter misery.

Our king, Thy servant, cannot hear  
His people's voice, who cry in pain,  
For had he heard, as he would fain,  
Long had we had our rights so dear.

To Thee is open every door,  
Thee no partition-wall conceals,  
Thy word is loud as thunder-peals,  
Speak Thou, whom he and we adore.

---

AN OLD MAN'S SAYINGS.

1807.

I.

No longer say : good morning, or good  
day !  
But always say : good evening, or good  
night !  
For evening is around me, and the night  
Is near to me : oh would that it were come.

II.

Come here, my child ! oh thou my sweetest  
life !  
No, come, my child ! oh thou my sweetest  
death !  
For all that bitter is, that call I life,  
And all that seemeth sweet, that call I death.

## IN AN ALBUM.

1825.

TIME, swiftly flying, not alone doth seize  
The meadow's blossoms and the forest's  
leaves,

The radiant freshness and the power of  
youth,

Its direst spoil is in the world of thought.  
What once was fair or noble, rich or good,  
Worthy of any toil or any pain,  
Is now revealed so colourless and pale,  
Hollow and void as were we void ourselves.  
But still 'tis well with us, whene'er the  
spark

Within the ember gleams, and when the  
heart

Whilom deceived, unquenched glows fresh  
again.

This very glow itself in fact is truth,  
The picture higher than the subject's self,  
More real the semblance than reality.

Who sees the truth, has really known to live,  
For life is like the stage, for here as there,  
The curtain drops when the illusion fails.

---

# Dramatic Pieces.

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## SCHILDEIS.

### A FRAGMENT.

The Bohemian Forest. In the back-ground .  
the Castle of Schildeis.

Enter DUKE EGINHARD, The DUCHESS, DIET-  
WALD a Knight, and a HERMIT.

---

### HERMIT.

SEE Castle Schildeis lies below us, there!  
All buried in the forest's inmost depths.

DIETWALD (*to the Duke*).

That is the castle, which I said would yield  
The surest refuge from the fiercest foe.  
I could not e'en myself have found it now,  
For all the tracks and paths are overgrown.  
Since my late lord the Duke has hunted  
here,  
Full five and twenty years have circled by.



DUKE (*to the Hermit*).

Receive, my pious brother, for thine escort  
thanks :

Right well thou know'st this wild deserted  
land.

(*to the Duchess.*)

And thou, my wife, at last hast overcome  
The many hardships of the weary road.

DUCHESS.

This journey pleased me better than the  
pomp

And splendour of the fairest palaces,  
Of which I ofttimes but unworthy felt ;  
For thus I thought to expiate my debt,  
That debt for which I cannot feel regret.

DUKE.

See there, a huntsman coming round the  
rock !

HERMIT.

Eckart, the aged steward of my lord.

DIETWALD.

How bowed and gray the old man has be-  
come !

*Enter Eckart.*

DUKE.

Welcome, my faithful Eckart !

ECKART.

See I right ?  
Shall once before I die the joy be mine  
My well-belovèd lord again to see ?

DUKE.

How canst thou know whom thou hast  
never seen ?

ECKART.

And can it be that thou art not my lord,  
The young duke Welf ?

DUKE.

Thou speakest of my sire,  
Who but three moons ago was taken hence.

ECKART.

Ah me ! the news has never reached us here.  
May gracious heaven grant him peaceful  
rest.

But he was just the picture of thyself,  
When years ago he came here for the chase.  
To me it does not seem so long ago ;

And in the castle everything remains,  
Just as my lord and master left it then.  
The sand within the hour-glass has not run,  
The cross-bow hangs upon the wall un-  
strung,  
His hunting-cap bears still the sprig of fir,  
His falcon in its cage is sitting, stuffed,  
The good old song-book he was reading then,  
Lies open at the place he ceased to read,  
Thou canst continue, where thy father  
stopped,  
The choicest of the ballads follow now.

## HERMIT.

Yes ! this thy castle is a lonesome place,  
And in the midnight stillness, through the  
halls  
The spirits of the dead oft wander here,  
They gladly seek again their ancient home,  
Where all reminds them of the time they  
were.

## ECKART.

That is, methinks, young Dietwald whom  
I see,  
Who came here in my master's retinue ;  
I mark a change although it be not great.

DIETWALD.

That I am glad to hear, my good old friend.

DUCHESS (*to Eckart*).

The weight of many years lies on thy back ?

ECKART.

Three-score.

DIETWALD.

Add thirty to it, come.

HERMIT.

He does not know the year he saw the light,  
And so he fixed on sixty as the sum,  
And when the year comes round, he ever  
thinks,

I reckoned once, no doubt, a year too much ;  
And so it haps, the number stays threescore.

ECKART.

And after all, methinks, it's little odds.

HERMIT.

It is no wonder that the time stands still,  
And that he thinks, that all is as it was :  
For no event occurs to mark the days ;  
And since his lord and master hunted here,  
He kens but little how the world has jogged.

The dark-green foliage of the forest pine,  
The sombre, barren rocks, that know no  
    spring,  
Scarce call to mind the seasons of the year.

ECKART.

Quite true, although I never thought of that.

HERMIT.

My friends, in this our mortal life below,  
The time of blooming's short, of withering  
    long.  
The quick and chequered changes of the  
    year,  
Pervade this period of prolonged decay,  
And man, who cannot follow, suffers grief.  
For when the Autumn strips the field and  
    grove,  
Then e'en the buoyant joy of youth is  
    chilled,  
Tasting old age before old age is due.  
And what is worse — when fresh the spring-  
    tide bursts,  
The old man's cheek would seem again to  
    bloom,  
His worn and wearied heart grow young  
    again.

Alas! delusion short——

The withered stem can bear a feeble leaf,  
But cannot push anew a vigorous bloom.  
And so I praise this spot which knows no  
change,  
Where nothing wakes the pangs of fond  
desire.

DIETWALD (*aside to the Duke*).

'Tis long since these lone rocks and dark-  
green pines  
Have heard the Preacher in the Wilderness.

HERMIT.

It seems as were this wild and lonesome  
spot

Left far behind by Time as on it speeds.  
These vast, still woods, where man is want-  
ing still,

The last and noblest of the Creator's  
works.

And in the distance rise, immutable,  
Gray as of old the everlasting hills,  
Where springs no grass, nor herb for use of  
man.

The elements are not divided yet,  
But craggy masses form a chaos wild,



THE SERENADE.

1813.

Garden. Moonlight.

DAVID, a young lover. ABSALOM, and other  
servants of DAVID.

---

DAVID.

How pleasing and how warm the summer  
night !

The frogs are croaking and the crickets  
chirp,

Now in our turn let music's tones be heard.

ABSALOM.

We should, methinks, await a darker night  
For our transgression against harmony ;  
For deeds of villany rejoice in gloom.

DAVID.

Here is no villany, for I would scale  
By music's ladder to my lady's heart.

ABSALOM.

Oh do not trust thy ladder all too much !  
For every rung will crack and break.



DAVID. .

Be still !

Why grumblest thou for ever, thankless  
one,

Whom breadless, pitying, in my hire I took?

ABSALOM.

I still had bread, and breadless was I first  
In thy employ: one cannot live from hire:  
Still this mishap is not the worst I bear.

DAVID.

Music was taught thee too, at thy desire,  
Moved by thy constant prayer I——

ABSALOM.

Ha ! the chord

Thou ne'er hast struck before, thou strikest  
now.

Whilom I was a boy, and then there came  
Oft wandering harpers to my father's door,  
Loved messengers they seemed to me to  
be,

Come from a world of utmost harmony,  
For which they raised a yearning in my  
soul.

And soon I left my parents' hearth behind,

Wishing to find the land whose praise they'd  
    sung,  
Where music's heavenly language was the  
    tongue  
In which man spake—Alas! I came to  
    thee,  
Antipodes of the melodious zone.

DAVID.

Springs not my race that loves the tuneful  
    muse  
From David, Judah's and the harpers'  
    king?

ABSALOM.

From David and from Bathsheba, 'tis true,  
Hence still the curse of sinful lust is thine.

DAVID.

To link thee to me I have sought in vain,  
When I bestowed the name of Absalom,  
And fostered art in thee, as fathers should.

ABSALOM.

I do not know by what infernal spell,  
Thou sever'dst me from out the Christian  
    pale,

And held'st me bound within thy hateful  
toils.

DAVID.

The violin I gave thee was in vain,  
A costly legacy, well played upon.

ABSALOM.

That is my grief's chief cause—thou hast  
unchained

And bound me to this cursèd instrument,  
Enchanted, monstrous, foe to euphony,  
That will not give forth one melodious tone.  
My warm entreaties, my most heartfelt  
prayers,

Cannot entice a single note from it,  
Let me caress it, shake it, beat it, naught  
I gain, naught but a surly, peevish screech.  
I've heard, that imps of evil oft secured  
In sacks exorcised in the stream are cast;  
Banished, forsooth, within this violin,  
Are all tormenting imps of discord met,  
Where now they ever groan and wail and  
howl.

Let me engulph them in the ocean's depth,  
In fathomless abysses 'midst the fish,

And should a sound of discord then break  
loose,  
So rear your crests, ye waves, and swallow  
it!  
Arise, ye storms, and rend it bit by bit!  
Ere it can reach the tortured ear of man.

DAVID.

Cease! Followers to work! Come tune at  
once.

*(They play.)*

ABSALOM.

Is there no rescue more? Is concord dead?  
And are sweet music's angels gone and lost,  
Like Lucifer from Heaven fallen?

DAVID.

Hush!

*(Sings to the harp.)*

Royal David was let downwards,  
Michal, David's faithful wife,  
With a rope, from out the window,  
Let him down to save his life;  
Beauteous maiden! dearest Michal!  
Hear, oh hear this song of mine,  
And draw upwards to the window,  
Me, the second David, thine.

ABSALOM.

Ye priests of Baal, with your screeches wild,  
Must I then also as a victim fall?  
Have not my limbs grown crookèd, and my  
eyes  
Become distorted from the fearful shock  
Of this fell discord?

DAVID.

Thou blasphemmer base!  
Mock'st thou the form and stature of thy  
lord?

ABSALOM.

Now know I how it was with Absalom,  
When the tree held him prisoner by his hair,  
And the three darts of Joab pierced his  
heart.

DAVID.

Thankless! in truth a second Absalom!

ABSALOM.

I cannot take it ill of Absalom,  
That he against his father did rebel,  
If David's music was akin to thine.

DAVID.

It was right touching—E'en the stones  
would weep.

ABSALOM.

Beware! the house will fall to pieces soon.  
Amphion's heavenly music once induced  
The stones to come together to be built,  
Whilst ours will loose the very walls and  
joints.

DAVID.

What see I white there at the window?  
look!  
Those eyes of fire! hush, hush! she's speak-  
ing now.

ABSALOM.

Thy lady's cat is mewing her applause,  
The lady self will hide her in the roof,  
In terror of the spectres of the night.

DAVID.

But one strain more, she will herself appear.  
(*They play again.*)

ABSALOM.

The moon and stars, which looked with  
friendly mien,

From heaven downwards, bent on harmony,  
Have, as thy lady too, concealed themselves.  
We have in truth aroused the wrath of  
    heaven,  
Already doth the distant thunder roll,  
The sky discharges lightnings on our heads,  
As did king Saul the dagger at thy sire.

DAVID.

Is lightning fond of striking music ? Come !  
A horror seizes me. Quick ! let us flee.

ABSALOM.

Much longer had this discord here endured,  
Earthquakes, methinks, would then have  
    taken place,  
And earth been shaken to its central depths.

*(Thunder—exeunt omnes, præter  
Absalom.)*

I hear thee, mighty, awful thunder-voice,  
I hear thee, heavenly chorus of the clouds,  
Begone, thou hateful instrument, I'm free.

*(He dashes the violin against the wall.)*

---

A NORMAN CUSTOM.

1815.

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DEDICATED TO BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

SCENE.—A Fisherman's Hut on an Island off the Coast of Normandy.

BALDER, a Mariner; RICHARD, a Fisherman;  
THORILDA.

---

BALDER.

Here's to thy health, most honoured, worthy host!

I have to thank indeed the raging storm,  
Which drave me to the shelter of thy bay,  
For long it is since I have been refreshed,  
By such a genial meal at the still hearth.

RICHARD

A better fare is not for fishers' huts;  
If thou art pleased, the greater joy for me.  
Especially I prize a guest like thee,  
Who cometh from our northern native-land,  
From which our fathers once sailed hither-wards,  
Of which so much is ever said and sung  
But still I must inform thee, noble sir,



Who enters here, and be he e'er so poor,  
Must give, perforce, his present as a guest.

BALDER.

My ship, which lies at anchor in the bay,  
Is fraught with many rare and curious  
stores,  
Brought hither with me from the Southern  
seas,  
Gold fruits, sweet wines, and birds of varied  
hue,  
And armour wrought in stithies of the  
north,  
Swords double-edged, and harness, helm,  
and shield.

RICHARD.

Not such a gift, thou misconceivest me.  
We have a custom here in Normandy,  
That he who takes a stranger to his hearth,  
Demands of him a legend or a song,  
Then tells a tale, or sings a song himself.  
In my old days, I still hold near and dear  
The noble legends and the songs of yore,  
And therefore shall not bate of my demand.

BALDER.

A story oft is sweet as Cyprus wine,  
Fragrant as fruit and checkered as the  
    flower,  
And many an ancient song of heroes' deeds,  
Resounds as clash of sword or clang of  
    shield;  
So thus my error was not all too great.  
'Tis true, I've naught that's glorious to tell,  
Still gladly will I honour thy good rite.  
Listen to what upon a moonlight night,  
A comrade told us on the quarter-deck.

RICHARD.

But one cup more, good guest, and then  
    begin!

BALDER.

Full many a year two northern Counts had  
    sailed,  
With pennant joined, o'er all and every sea,  
Together had withstood full many a storm,  
Full many a bloody fight by sea and shore,  
Had many a time in countries south or east,  
Together rested on the blooming strand:

But now they rest at home within their  
keeps,

Both deeply sunk in mourning, each alike,  
For each but lately had accompanied  
Each a true spouse to his ancestral vault.  
But still amidst the darksome gloom there  
springs

For each a presage sweet of things to come :  
One had a joyous and a comely son,  
The other had a daughter young and fair.  
And so to crown their ancientfriendship's tie,  
And found a lasting monument thereto,  
They made agreement, that their offspring  
dear

Should one day be but one in holy bond.  
And then they let two golden rings be  
made,

Which, when their youthful fingers were  
too small,

They hung with pretty ribands round their  
necks.

A sapphire blue, blue as the maiden's eye,  
Was rightly set within the young Count's  
ring,

And in the other gleamed a rose-red stone,  
The colour of the boy's fresh ruddy cheek.

RICHARD.

A rose-red stone set in a golden rim,  
Was that the maiden's ring? Heard I  
aright?

BALDER.

Yes, as thou say'st, although this hath no  
weight.

The stripling grew already tall and slim,  
Trained up from childhood to bold feats of  
arms,

Already he bestrode a tall, proud steed.

'Twas not to be his lot to stem the wave,  
Like his good father, in adventurous course,  
One day he should protect with strong  
right hand,

The territories vast, and strongholds high,  
United heritage of both lines of Counts.

Meanwhile the youthful warrior's little  
bride

Lay in her cradle in her sombre room,  
Well tended by her faithful nurses' hands.

In course of time there came a mild spring  
day,

And then the servants bore th' impatient  
child

Down to the sun-warmed breezes of the  
shore,  
And brought her flowers and muscles for  
her play.  
The sea, scarce softly moved by gentle  
breath,  
Reflected all the beaming sun's clear face,  
And cast its trembling shadow on the sward.  
Now on the strand there lay a little boat,  
And it the women deck with rush and  
flower,  
And lay therein their winsome little charge,  
And rock her up and down upon the shore.  
Then laughs the child and laugh the women  
too:  
But lo! amidst their gayest merriment,  
The cord escapes with which they playful  
pull,  
And e'en as they perceive it, from the shore  
Their arms no longer serve to reach the  
bark.  
Although the sea seems calm, so waveless  
calm,  
Yet ever is the boat washed on and on,  
And still the child's loud laughter-peals are  
heard.

Despairing, gaze the women on the sight,  
Wringing their hands, with shrieks of  
wildest fear.

The boy, who even then had made the  
beach,

To seek his love, and on his answering steed  
Was caracoling on the sea-sward green,  
Springs at the outcry on his headlong  
course,

And bravely spurs his steed into the sea,  
As would he swim to gain the flower-decked  
boat.

But scarcely feels the steed the icy flood,  
He shakes himself, and turns him stubborn  
round,

And hurries back his rider to the beach.

And a fresh breeze upon the open sea  
Bears hence the bark from sight.

RICHARD.

Poor child !

May holy angels hover round thy path.

BALDER.

The awful tidings reach the father soon ;  
At once he bids all vessels, great and small,  
To put to sea, the fleetest bears himself.

But ocean shows no trace. The evening  
falls,  
The winds are shifting and the night-storm  
roars :  
And after moonlong searching there is  
brought  
The empty brittle barklet back again,  
With faded garlands ——

RICHARD.

What checks thee in thy story, worthy  
guest,  
Thou falterest, and breathest hard.

BALDER.

Well, well !  
Since that mischance no longer did the boy  
Delight to mount his steed as hitherto,  
But rather did delight to swim and dive,  
And prove his sinews labouring at the oar.  
And when he had grown up a stalwart  
youth,  
He begged his sire for vessels ceaselessly.  
No more the land retains a single charm,  
No castle maiden doth allure his eye,  
He seems betrothèd to the dark wild sea,  
In which the maiden and the ring had sunk,

And furnishes his vessel wondrously,  
With purpled pennant and with pictured  
gold,  
As one who'd fetch his bride athwart the  
seas.

RICHARD.

Nearly like thine below there in the bay,  
Is 't not, brave mariner?

BALDER.

Well, as thou will'st.  
He in this rich apparelled marriage ship,  
Has rocked and reeled in many a fearful  
storm,  
When, to the thunder-clap and tempest's  
roar,  
The waves have danced his merry wedding-  
dance.  
And many a bloody battle hath he fought,  
Through which his name is dreaded in the  
North.  
And he is known there by a wondrous  
name,  
For when he springs and brandishes his  
sword  
Upon a boarded ship, then shriek they all;



Destroy us not thou "Bridegroom of the  
Sea"——

That is my tale.

RICHARD.

Receive my thanks for it,  
It touched my old heart to the very core :  
Only, methinks, the end is wanting still.  
Who knoweth if the child did really sink ?  
Whether a stranger vessel did not pass,  
And take on board the foundling on its  
course,  
Leaving the fragile boat to stem the waves ?  
Perchance upon an island, such as ours,  
They set the young and helpless babe  
ashore,  
And she by pious hands well fostered there,  
May now have grown to bloom a maiden  
fair.

BALDER.

Thou knowest well to spin a story out,  
So, if it please thee, we'll hear thine in  
turn.

RICHARD.

In bygone days full many a tale I knew,

From our old Dukes' and heroes' glorious  
times ;

Richard the Fearless above all was sung,  
Whose sight by night was as his sight by  
day,

Who every night rode through the desert  
glade,

And frequent combats waged with spectres  
there.

But now my memory has grown weak with  
age,

And all things waver in my doubtful mind,  
And so this maiden here must take my  
place,

Who sits so still and thinking to herself,  
And nets so quietly by the lamp-light dim.  
For she has learnt right many a pleasing  
song,

And trills an air like any nightingale.

Thorilda ! come, thou needst not fear our  
guest.

Sing us the song : "The Maiden and the  
Ring,"

Which the old bard hath whilom made for  
thee,

A pretty song, I know, thou lik'st to sing.

*Thorilda sings.*

Hard by the ocean fishing,  
There sits a maiden fair,  
For many an hour she fisheth,  
No fish will take the snare.

A ring is on her finger,  
A ruby red as rose,  
She ties it to her angle,  
And in the sea she throws.

Then from the waves there riseth  
A hand, as ivory white,  
And on the finger shineth,  
The golden ring so bright.

Then from the depths there riseth  
A knight, full young and fine,  
And in the golden sunlight,  
His armour scales do shine.

The maiden saith in terror :  
“ No, noble knight, no, no !  
Give back my ring, I pray thee,  
With thee I’ve naught to do.

“ One doth not fish for fishes  
With gold or precious stone,  
The ring I'll never give thee,  
Thou art for aye my own.”

## BALDER.

What do I hear? a strange foreboding  
song,  
What do I see, oh what a heavenly face,  
Up-turned, sweet-blushing, 'midst the  
golden curls,  
Bringeth in mind my distant childhood's  
days.

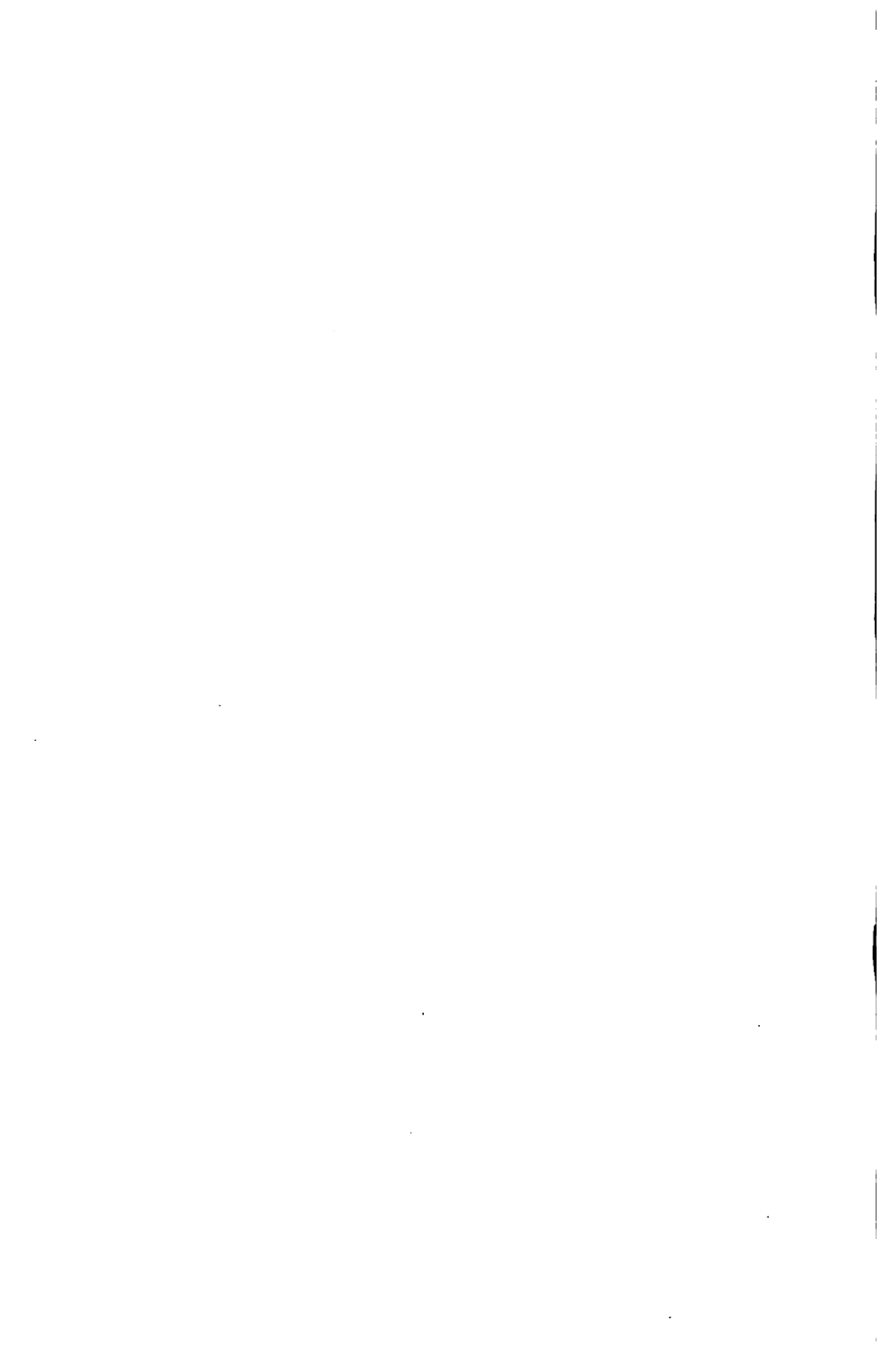
Ha! on the right hand gleams the golden  
ring,  
The rose-red stone—Thou art my long-lost  
bride!  
'Tis I am called the “Bridegroom of the  
Sea,”  
Here is the sapphire, blue as thy blue  
eye,  
Below there lies the marriage-ship in wait.

RICHARD.

Thus have I thought since long, most  
honoured knight,  
Yes! take her then, my dearest foster-child,  
Hold her but firmly with thy strong right  
arm,  
And press a heart right faithful to thy breast.

---

**BALLADS AND ROMANCES.**



THE GARLAND.

1805.

In meadow gay a little maid  
Went plucking flowerets here and there,  
When forth from out the sylvan glade,  
There came a lady fair ;

Greeted the child with loving mien,  
And twined a garland in her hair,  
“ It blooms not now, ’twill bloom, I ween,  
If thou but wear it there.”

And when she grew a maiden coy,  
She wandered oft where moonlight beamed,  
And wept sweet tears of love and joy ;  
With buds the garland gleamed.

And when upon her spouse’s breast  
She’s fondly clasped in twilight hour ;  
In clusters by the breeze caressed,  
The buds burst forth in flower.

Soon rocking gently in her arms,  
A winsome babe the mother bore ;  
And then the garland showed the charms  
Of its rich golden store.



And when her loving lord they bare  
To darksome rest the grave beneath,  
Then waved in her dishevelled hair  
A sere and yellow wreath !

Soon she too lay all pale and cold,  
But faithful still the gift she wore ;  
The garland, wondrous to be told,  
Both fruit and blossom bore.

---

#### THE SHEPHERD.

1805.

A BLITHE and comely shepherd went  
Past by the stately castle-gate,  
A maiden, from the battlement,  
Gazed, till her love grew great.

She called to him so soft and low :  
“ Oh would that I could come to thee !  
Thy little lambs are white as snow,  
The flowers gleam rosily.”

Then in reply the stripling said :  
“ Oh would that thou could'st come to me  
Thy cheeks they are so rosy red,  
Thy arms so white to see.”

And every morning as he passed,  
A prey to mute yet pleasing pain,  
He upwards gazed, until at last  
    He saw his love again.

And then with cheery voice he cried :  
“ Be thousand welcomes, princess, thine ;”  
With gentle tone the maid replied :  
    “ Thanks to thee, shepherd mine.”

The winter passed, the spring-tide came,  
The buds displayed their plenteous store,  
The shepherd's path was aye the same ;  
    The maid appeared no more.

Aloud with downcast voice he cried :  
“ Be thousand welcomes, princess, thine ;”  
A phantom-voice alone replied ;  
    “ Goodbye, oh shepherd mine !”

---

#### THE DYING HEROES.

1804.

THE Danish swords are driving Sweden's  
    host

    To the wild coast ;  
Afar the chariots clash, and weapons gleam,  
    In the moon's beam :

Upon the corpse-strewn field in death-  
throes lay,  
The beauteous Sweyn and Ulph, the warrior  
gray.

## SWEYN.

Ah father ! not for me in pride of youth,  
Hath Norna ruth ;  
For me a loving mother's hand shall ne'er  
Smooth my brown hair ;  
My love from lofty tower in vain shall gaze,  
Watching for Sweyn, and wondering why  
he stays.

## ULPH.

'Tis true they'll grieve, in dreams view  
gruesome sights  
Through the long nights ;  
But from their bitter woe one solace take—  
Their hearts will break ;  
And then with smiles, thy golden-haired,  
thy love,  
Shall hand the cup at Odin's feasts above.

## SWEYN.

Not long had I begun a festal lay,  
    My harp to play,  
To sing of queens' and heroes' deeds of yore,  
    In love and war ;  
But now my harp hangs desolate, and rings  
The wild wind sougning through its slumbering strings.

## ULPH.

Within Valhalla's halls of sparkling light,  
    The sun streams bright,  
The stars revolve beneath them, and below  
    The storm-winds blow :  
There feast our sires, and calmly 'midst  
    their throng,  
Thou canst renew and finish all thy song.

## SWEYN.

Ah father! not for me in pride of youth,  
    Hath Norna ruth ;  
No high and lofty deeds a radiance yield  
    Upon my shield ;  
Twelve judges sit enthroned in splendour  
    dread,  
They will not deem me worthy there to  
    tread.

## ULPH.

One deed alone weighs many others down,  
That will they own,  
Such deed as, at one's country's danger-call,  
To bravely fall:  
See there, the foe is fleeing, and on high  
There lies our spangled pathway to the  
sky.

---

## THE BLIND KING.

1804 and 1814.

WHY are the Northmen standing there,  
A gallant warrior band?  
The blind old king, with his silver hair,  
What seeks he on the strand?  
In bitter grief he crieth,  
And on his staff doth lean,  
And the isle afar replieth,  
Across the waves between.

“Fell robber, yield from thy dungeon drear  
My daughter back to me,  
Her songs so sweet and her harp-notes clear,  
Made life pass joyously;

While on the green strand dancing,  
My joy hast thou snatched away,  
Thy shame for aye enhancing,  
For it bows my tresses gray."

Forth from his cleft the robber springs,  
So huge and wild to see,  
His giant-sword on high he swings,  
His clanging shield strikes he:  
"Why did thy warders trusty  
Unmoved endure the wrong?  
Why do their swords grow rusty  
Among the warrior throng?"

But there is not heard a single sound,  
Forth from the ranks steps none,  
The blind old monarch turns him around;  
"Am I then all alone?"  
His arm his young son seizeth,  
With manly grasp and warm;  
"I'll hie me, an it pleaseth,  
To fight with my strong arm."

"Strong as a giant is the foe,  
His might can none withstand;  
But thou art man enough to go,  
I feel from thy right hand;

Take my old sword, its story  
Sang many a scald of yore;  
And should'st thou fall, my glory  
Shall set for evermore."

Hark! as they cleave the breakers, hark  
See there the foaming wake!  
The blind king lists to the plashing bark,  
But never a word he spake;  
But soon is heard the rattle,  
When sword meets sword or shield,  
And cries of furious battle  
A sullen echo yield.

Then cries the king 'twixt joy and fear:  
"Come tell me what ye see,  
I hear my good sword ringing clear,  
As it rang aye with me."  
"Our hero comes victorious,  
The knave his meed hath won;  
All hail, thou warrior glorious!  
Our blind king's stalwart son."

And all again is still around,  
The blind old king cries: "Hark!  
What is that distant plashing sound?  
Methinks it is the bark."

“ They come across the water ;  
Thy warrior-son is there,  
Gunilda too, thy daughter,  
She of the sun-bright hair ! ”

“ Welcome,” the agèd monarch cried,  
With joy across the wave,  
“ Mine age will be an age of pride,  
My grave an honoured grave,  
My sword that clearly ringeth,  
Heré by my side shall lie :  
Gunilda’s here, who singeth  
My death-hymn when I die.”

---

THE CASTLE BY THE DEEP.

1805.

SAY, hast thou seen the Castle,  
The Castle by the Deep ?  
In gold and rosy shimmer,  
The clouds float o’er its keep.

It fain would dip its turrets  
In the glassy flood below,  
It fain would soar toward heaven,  
Through the red even-glow.



Well have I seen that Castle,  
The Castle by the Deep,  
The moon above was standing  
And dank mist o'er its keep.

Did wind and swell of ocean  
Resound with joy again?  
Heardest thou from the banquet  
The lute and song's gay strain?

The wind and swell of ocean  
Lay still as still could be,  
From out the hall a wailing  
Struck on me mournfully.

Sawest thou on the ramparts  
The monarch and his queen?  
The sweep of crimson mantles,  
And bright crowns' golden sheen?

And was not with them walking  
A lovely maiden there,  
All radiant as a sunbeam,  
With golden-tinted hair?

Well did I see the parents,  
No crown of light they wore,  
But darksome weeds of sorrow;  
The maid was there no more!

WALTER THE FAITHFUL.

1805.

'Twas past Our Lady's shrine one day  
That Walter urged his horse;  
He saw a kneeling maiden pray,  
With tears of deep remorse:  
"Oh Walter! Walter! do not go,  
Dost thou the voice no longer know  
Thou once didst hear so gladly?"

"Thou maiden false! whom see I there?  
A maid, who once was mine,  
Why hast thou ceased thy silks to wear,  
Thy gold and jewels fine?"  
"Ah woe is me, my troth I broke,  
My paradise I then forsook,  
With thee I can regain it."

With tender pity on his horse  
The weeping girl he swung,  
Around his waist with all her force  
With soft white arms she clung:  
"Warm beats, my love, this heart of mine,  
But still it cannot reach to thine,  
Thy sark lies cold between us."

They rode to where his castled height  
    Rose, silent and forlorn,  
She loosed his helmet from the knight ;  
    His beauty all was gone :  
“Thy cheeks so pale, thy eyes so dull,  
Serve but to make thee beautiful,  
    To me more dear than ever.”

She took his armour from his back,  
    With grief the knight was moved ;  
“What see I here, this raiment black ?  
    Who died, whom thou hast loved ?”  
“When *she* was lost, these weeds I wore,  
Whom I shall find on earth no more,  
    And shall not meet in heaven.”

Then at his feet with piteous cry  
    And outstretched arms she fell ;  
“Have pity, penitent I lie,  
    Whom thou hast loved so well ;  
Raise me again to bliss anew,  
And let me on thy breast so true,  
    From all my woes recover.”

“Get up, poor child, from off the ground,  
    I cannot raise thee, no,  
Alas for me ! my arms are bound,

My blood hath ceased to flow,  
Be aye like me, with anguish torn—  
My love is gone, my love is gone!  
And never shall I find it."

---

THE THREE SISTERS.

1806.

I.

THREE sisters from the castle  
Looked downwards on the vale,  
They saw their father riding,  
All clad in coat of mail :  
" Welcome, dear father, welcome home !  
What hast thou for thy children ?  
We're glad that thou hast come."

" My child in yellow raiment,  
On thee hath thought thy sire,  
Thy heart is set on jewels,  
Thou lovest gay attire ;  
This chain of gold so rich and red,  
From noble knight I seized it,  
And gave him death instead."

Around her neck the maiden  
The chain all eager bound,  
Down to the spot she hastened,  
And there the corpse she found ;  
“ Like gallows-thief he’s lying here,  
And yet his birth was noble !  
And oh ! he was so dear ! ”

Then in her arms she bore him  
Up to the holy fane,  
With tender pity laid him  
Where all her sires were lain,  
She took the chain which decked her breast,  
Then drew the ends together,  
And sank with him to rest.

## II.

Two sisters from the castle  
Looked downwards on the vale,  
They saw their father riding,  
All clad in coat of mail :  
“ Welcome, dear father, welcome home !  
What hast thou for thy children ?  
We’re glad that thou hast come.”

“ My child in sea-green raiment,  
On thee hath thought thy sire,  
By day and night is hunting  
Ever thy sole desire,  
The spear here with the golden head,  
From huntsman wild I seized it,  
And gave him death instead.”

Into her hands her father  
The huntsman's spear let fall,  
Down to the wood she hastened,  
Death was her hunting-call ;  
There in the hidden shade so deep  
Lay by his faithful stag-hound,  
Her love in his last sleep.

“ He came down to the lime-trees,  
I vowed to meet him here :”  
Then drave the maiden quickly  
In her white breast the spear ;  
Peaceful they're sleeping side by side,  
The woodbirds singing blithely,  
With leaves the lovers hide.

## III.

One maiden from the castle  
Looked downward on the vale,

She saw her father riding,  
All clad in coat of mail :  
“ Welcome, dear father, welcome home !  
What hast thou for thy daughter ?  
I’m glad that thou hast come.”

“ My child in snow-white raiment,  
On thee hath thought thy sire,  
More than all golden glitter,  
Sweet flowers are thy desire,  
This silvery floweret, from its bed  
I tore, despite the gardener,  
And gave him death instead.”

“ What made him so fool-hardy ?  
Why didst thou lay him dead ?  
He used to tend the flowerets,  
But now they’ll fade instead.”  
“ The saucy churl too long delayed  
To give the flower I wanted,  
He said—’twas for his maid.”

Then laid the maid the floweret  
Upon her bosom white,  
Went slowly to the garden,  
Of old her sole delight ;

A hillock rose beneath her feet,  
Hard by the snowy lilies,  
And there she took her seat.

“ Oh could I like my sisters  
Sweet death this instant seek !  
No wound comes from a floweret,  
It is too soft and weak.”  
Beneath her gaze the floweret frail  
At length began to wither——  
Then sank the maiden pale.

---

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

1806.

AT Whitsuntide, that feast of pleasure,  
When copse and heath display their treasure,  
Spake the king: “ To me it seems,  
From out my halls,  
And my old palace walls,  
That a plenteous spring-tide streams.”



Drums and trumpets rattle loudly,  
Crimson standards flutter proudly,  
    From balcony the king marked well,  
        When lances meet,  
        Before his strong son's feet,  
All the knights defeated fell.

In the lists, up to the barrier,  
Rode at last a sable warrior.  
    "Sir! tell your device and name."  
        "And if I spake,  
        Ye would tremble and shake,  
I'm a Prince of might and fame."

When the note to charge was given,  
Sullen lowered the vault of heaven,  
    And the keep seemed rent in twain,  
        At the first blow,  
        Sank the proud stripling low,  
Scarcely could he rise again.

Fife and viol bid to dancing,  
Torches through the halls are glancing,  
    In a ghastly shadow waves,  
        With courtly mien,  
        Her daughter from the queen,  
First with him to dance he craves:

Hideous in his harness sable,  
Dances, as none else is able,  
    Twines like ice her limbs around,  
        From breast and hair,  
        Fall all the flowerets fair,  
    Withered, down upon the ground.

Then to the lordly festival  
Hurried the knights and ladies all,  
    'Tween his son and daughter there,  
        With anxious dread,  
        The old king leant his head,  
    Gazed on them with pensive air.

Pale the children twain are lying,  
Spake the guest, the goblet plying;  
    “Drink, 'twill heal, this cup of gold:”  
        The children drank,  
        With many a grateful thank,  
    Oh that draught was icy cold!

Haste to seek their sire's embraces  
Son and daughter, o'er their faces  
    Creeps the death-hue lividly,  
        Their father gray,  
        Look which way he may,  
    Sees his cherished children die.

“Woe is me, my hopes thou takest,  
All their youthful day-dreams breakest,  
Take me too, my day-spring’s dull :”  
Spake the weird guest,  
From gloomy, hollow breast,  
“Roses in the spring I cull.”

---

THE THREE SONGS.

1807.

KING SIFRID sat in his stately hall ;  
“Ye harpers ! who singeth the best of you  
all ?”  
And a youth strode forth from the courtiers  
nigh,  
With his harp in his hand and his sword on  
his thigh.

“Three songs can I sing, but my first song  
I fear me thou hast forgotten long ;  
My brother hast thou right foully slain,  
And—well—him hast thou foully slain !”

“ My second song came first to light  
In the dismal hours of a stormy night ;  
Thou must battle with me for life and for  
    death,  
And—well—must battle for life and for  
    death !”

Then down by the table his harp he lay,  
And each of them drew his sword straight-  
    way,  
In wildest struggle the bright blades ring,  
Till down in his proud halls sinks the king.

“ Now sing I my third and my fairest song,  
Should I sing it for ever, 'twould not seem  
    long ;  
King Sifrid lies steeped in his own red  
    blood,  
And—well—lies steeped in his own red  
    blood !”

---

## THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

1809.

A GOLDSMITH stood within his store,  
Where pearls and jewels shine;  
"Than fairest gem I prize thee more,  
My Helena! my treasure  
Art thou, dear daughter mine."

A comely knight came past one day;  
"Well met, my damsel fair,  
Well met, good goldsmith, make, I pray,  
A wreath of gold and jewels,  
'Tis for my bride to wear."

The task was o'er, the wreath was made,  
Sparkling with radiant light;  
Then Helena herself essayed,  
As she sat sad and lonely,  
The glittering wreath so bright.

"Thrice happy," cried she; "shall she be,  
Who wears a wreath like this,  
Oh would the knight but give to me  
A coronet of roses,  
How great would be my bliss!"

Soon after came the knight that way  
And viewed the wreath so fair,  
“Now set, good goldsmith, set, I pray,  
A costly ring with diamonds,  
’Tis for my bride to wear.”

The task was o’er, the ring was made,  
With diamonds rare it gleamed,  
Then Helena herself essayed,  
As she sat still and lonely,  
How well the ring beseemed.

“Thrice happy,” cried she, “shall she be  
Who wears a ring like this,  
Oh would the knight but give to me  
Of his brave locks one ringlet,  
How great would be my bliss.”

Nor long the comely knight delayed  
To view the ring so rare,  
“Right well, good goldsmith, hast thou  
made  
The gifts which I have ordered,  
For my fair bride to wear.”

“But maiden, fair, I pray thee place  
The wreath upon thy brow,  
That I may see how well ’twill grace

The head of my belovèd,  
For she is fair as thou."

It was the holy day of rest,  
And so the winsome maid  
Had early donned with eager zest  
The dress that most became her,  
Ere forth she went and prayed.

Before the knight with shame rose-red,  
The blushing maid did stand,  
He set the wreath upon her head,  
The ring upon her finger,  
And then he clasped her hand.

"Dear Helena ! my joy, my pride !  
A truce to jest and sport,  
Thou art my beautiful, my bride,  
For thee the wreath was ordered,  
For thee the ring was bought.

"Where gold and pearls and jewels shine,  
Were passed thy youthful days,  
And this, methinks, should be a sign,  
That thou and I in wedlock,  
Shall speed in honour's ways."

---

THE HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

1805.

THREE students went crossing all over the  
Rhine,  
And there by my hostess they stopped at  
her sign.

“ My hostess ! and hast thou good beer and  
wine ?  
And where is that pretty daughter of thine ? ”

“ My wine, ’tis true, is fresh and clear,  
But my daughter lies on her funeral bier.”

Then entered the three the room straight-  
way,  
And there in her coffin black she lay.

The first he lifted the pall on high,  
And his glance was sad, when she met his  
eye :

“ Oh ! if thou wert here still, thou beautiful  
maid,  
I’d love thee from henceforth,” the first one  
said.



The second let down again the pall,  
And turning, his tears 'gan fast to fall :  
“ Alas ! that thou liest on thy funeral bier,  
I've loved thee so truly for many a year.”  
The third in his turn raised again the veil,  
And kissed the maid on her mouth so pale :  
“ I've loved thee ever, I love thee to-day,  
I will love thee—till eternity.”

---

THE MOWER-MAIDEN.

1815.

Good day to thee, Mary ! What active and  
stirring already !  
Thee, truest of maidens, love maketh not  
slow nor unsteady ;  
Come ! if within three days the whole of  
yon meadow thou mowest,  
I'll give thee my son, yes I will, though  
I'm loth, as thou knowest.”  
A farmer of many broad acres thus gave her  
his greeting,  
And Mary, how feels she her loving heart  
joyously beating,

A strength, fresh and vigorous, springs up  
at the words of her master,  
How swings she her scythe, as the green  
swaths fall faster and faster !

Soon gloweth the heat of the noon-tide, the  
mowers all jaded  
Are seeking the spring, and for slumber a  
spot that is shaded,  
The bees are at work where the sun-rays are  
glaring and broiling,  
And Mary, she rests not, as were for a  
wager her toiling.

Soon sinketh the sun, and the Vesper-  
bells sweet on her labours  
Are ringing—"Come ! cease, 'tis enough,"  
is the cry of her neighbours,  
The mowers, the shepherd and flocks quit  
the fields at the setting,  
But Mary, as were she beginning, her blunt  
scythe is whetting.

The dew falls, the moon and the stars all  
their splendour are bringing,  
The hay smells so fragrant, afar off is  
Philomel singing,

But Mary goes on with her labour, nor  
stops she to listen,  
But ever the strokes of her scythe o'er the  
dewy mead glisten.

Thus ever she toileth as onwards the slow  
hours are rolling,  
Fed only by love, and the sweet hopes her  
bosom consoling,  
Till when for the third time the sun rose  
to herald the morrow,  
'Tis finished—and Mary stands weeping  
with joy not with sorrow.

“ Good-day to thee, Mary, already released  
from thy burden !  
For mown is the meadow: thou meritest  
well a rich guerdon,  
But as for the marriage—in earnest a jest  
thou hast taken ;  
So foolish and fond are the hopes which all  
love-dreams awaken !”

Such then are the words of the farmer, and  
scarce are they spoken,  
Ere cold grows her heart and her knees  
bend beneath her as broken,

Her head swims, she loses her speech, and  
her sight, and her feeling,  
And there midst her hay-cocks, poor Mary,  
the mower, falls reeling.

She dies not—but years long so dumb and  
so death-like she wasteth,  
She eats not, but honey, a morsel, is all  
that she tasteth,  
Oh make a grave ready where flowers  
bloom the brightest and freest,  
For maiden so true to her love 'tis right  
rarely thou seest !

---

## VOICES OF DEATH.

### I. THE SERENADE.

1810.

WHAT tones are these so soft and sweet,  
Which wake me from my dreams ?  
See, mother, see ! what can it be,  
That in the twilight gleams ?

“Hush! nought I hear; hush! nought I  
see,  
Oh slumber on and rest;  
No more to thee, poor ailing child,  
Is serenade addressed.”

It is no music of this earth  
That fills me with delight,  
A choir of angels bids me come,  
Oh mother dear! good night.

## II. THE ORGAN.

1834.

Oh play, my aged neighbour, play  
Thy organ once again,  
Perchance those tones of holy joy  
May free my soul from pain.

The maiden asked, the neighbour played,  
As played he ne'er before,  
So clear, so thrilling, that he felt  
The keys he swept, no more.

For they were strange and sacred tones  
Which grew beneath his hand,  
He paused in awe: the maiden's soul  
Had sought a better land.

III. THE MAVIS.

1834.

I do not crave for garden gay,  
    Would pass my summer here,  
Could I but hear the mavis sing,  
    Amid the brake so clear.

A mavis for the maid is caught,  
    But in his cage he pines ;  
He will not sing, and on his wing  
    His captive head declines.

But ever still the maiden views  
    The bird with eager eyes,  
Then sings the mavis full and clear,  
    And as he sings, she dies

---

THE TRUSTY COMRADE.

1809.

I HAD a trusty comrade,  
    His like I ne'er shall see,  
Who, when the drums were beating,  
And rushing foes were meeting,  
    Marched step and step with me.

There came a bullet whistling,  
Will it hit me or thee ?  
Alas ! he lies a' dying,  
And at my feet he's lying,  
As were he part of me.

Once more his hand he reaches,  
But I have work to do ;  
The grasp cannot be given,  
But thou shalt rest in heaven :  
Good-bye, my comrade true !

---

#### THE KNIGHT OF ST. GEORGE.

1811.

SHRILLY rings the brazen trumpet,  
Loudly sounds the charger's tramp,  
Where Fernandez the Castilian,  
Valiant warrior, holds his camp :  
For the Moorish king, Almanzor,  
Comes with all his Paynim might,  
Leaves behind him fair Cordova,  
Hurries onward to the fight.  
All in armour on their horses,  
Sit the pride of proud Castile,

Midst them slowly rides Fernandez,  
    Scanning close each casque of steel.  
"Pascal Vivas! Pascal Vivas!  
    Of our chivalry the pride,  
All my knights are armed and ready,  
    Thou art wanting by my side;  
Thou at other times so eager,  
    In the fight the first of all,  
Hear'st thou not to-day my summons,  
    Nor the trumpet's battle-call?  
Least of all, when fierce the battle,  
    Should'st thou fail our host to-day,  
Shall thy wreath of laurels wither?  
    Shall thy glory fade away?"  
Deep in forest glade sequestered,  
    Pascal cannot hear the strain;  
There upon a grassy hillock  
    Towers St. George's sacred fane.  
At the gateway stands his charger,  
    By his spear and coat of mail,  
And the knight in prayer is kneeling  
    At the holy altar-rail;  
Deeply sunk in contemplation,  
    Hears no din of far-off fight,  
Which like distant wind-roar echoes  
    Dully from the woodland height;



Does not hear his charger neighing,  
Hears no clang his armour makes ;  
But his patron is not sleeping,  
For St. George, the Faithful, wakes ;  
He on airy clouds alighting,  
Dons the armour of the knight,  
Mounts upon the willing charger,  
Hurries downwards to the fight.  
See ! like lightning flash he charges,  
Heaven-sent hero, o'er the field ;  
See ! he grasps Almanzor's standard,  
And the Paynim columns yield.  
Pascal Vivas' prayers are ended ;  
From before the altar-rail,  
Strides he from St. George's chapel,  
Finds his steed and coat of mail,  
Homewards rides in deep reflection,  
Wonders as he goes along,  
That the trumpets all salute him,  
At the loud triumphal-song :  
" Pascal Vivas ! Pascal Vivas !  
Of our chivalry the boast,  
Welcome, with thy standard, welcome,  
Conqueror of the Paynim host !  
See how blood-stained are thy weapons,  
Crushed and hacked with thrust and  
blow,

From a thousand wounds still bleeding,  
See thy steed which courts the foe!"  
Pascal Vivas, vainly striving,  
Fain would check their joyous cry—  
Bends his head in lowly reverence,  
Points in silence to the sky.

## II.

Through the gardens in the twilight,  
Countess Julia went her way,  
Fatiman, Almanzor's nephew,  
Snatched her thence by force away:  
Hurried with his precious booty,  
Through the forest day and night,  
And ten trusty Moorish chieftains  
Followed him in armour bright.  
On the third day, when the morning  
Broke in gladness o'er the wood,  
They arrived at the green hillock,  
Where St. George's chapel stood.  
From the distance glanced the Countess  
To the holy pictured stone,  
Where, before the sacred portal,  
Good St. George in sculpture shone;  
Seen, as when he pierced the dragon  
Through the jaws with mighty shock,

Whilst the royal maiden waited,  
Bound in terror to the rock.  
Weeping and her fair hands wringing,  
Cried the Countess at the sight:  
“ Good St. George, thou holy warrior,  
Save me from the dragon’s might.”  
See! who on his snow-white charger,  
Hastens down to help and save,  
In the breeze his golden ringlets,  
And his crimson mantle wave.  
See! his spear is brandished proudly,  
See the robber fight no more,  
On the ground he writhes in anguish,  
As the dragon did of yore,  
And the ten proud Moorish chieftains  
Sudden terror doth assail,  
Lance and buckler from them throwing,  
Fast they flee o’er hill and dale.  
On her knees, as were she dazzled,  
Sank the Countess Julia low;  
“ Good St. George, thou holy warrior,  
Thousand thanks I here bestow.”  
When again she lifts her eyelids,  
Lo! the saint is there no more;  
But that Pascal Vivas saved her,  
Vaguely hints that tale of yore.

## THE KNIGHT PARIS.

1809.

PARIS is a knight most noble,  
Every heart his power must feel,  
Every lady fair can swear it  
At the court of proud Castile.  
See what trophies of his conquests,  
In his lap kind Fortune flings,  
Letters, redolent of kisses,  
Heaps of curls and endless rings !  
Tokens these of easy triumph,  
Lightly prized as lightly gained,  
Paris calls them bonds and fetters,  
And his happy lot's disdained ;  
Mounts his steed, and clad in harness,  
Gleams with an heroic zest ;  
Turns his back on all the ladies,  
To the men he turns his breast.  
But no foe accepts his challenge,  
Spring is sporting o'er the field,  
With his plume the breeze is toying,  
Sun-light dances on his shield,  
Many hours he thus had ridden,  
Till, where breaks the opening glade,

Lo ! a mounted knight is waiting,  
Who his lance at rest hath laid ;  
Eager Paris joins in combat,  
With a fire no lists had seen,  
Hurls his rival on the green-sward,  
Looks around with victor's mien,  
Hurries to the fallen warrior,  
Lifts his casque from off his head,  
Lo ! a mass of wavy ringlets,  
And a lady's face instead !  
Paris loosens greaves and corslet,  
What a bosom, what a waist !  
At his face so pale and lifeless,  
What a beauty lies unlaced !  
When those cheeks which now are ashy,  
Redden with the crimson flood,  
When she lifts her eyelids, Paris,  
Will it stir thy youthful blood ?  
See ! she even now is sighing,  
Gently opes her lovely eyes,  
She who fell as foe before thee,  
As a lady fair shall rise.  
There, the shell in pieces lying,  
Which before had formed a knight,  
Here, in Paris' arms, the kernel  
From the shell lies brought to light.

Paris speaks, that knight so noble ;  
    "Where's my triumph, where's my fame ?  
Shall I ne'er in earnest combat,  
    Gain midst valiant knights a name ?  
All I touch is changed directly  
    Into love or into jest,  
Fortune, must I thank or scold thee,  
    For the luck with which I'm blessed ?"

---

## THE CASTELLAN OF COUCY.

1812.

How the Castellan of Coucy  
    Felt his heart-pulse beating high,  
When the Lady fair of Fayel  
    Passed before his wondering eye ;  
From the moment when he saw her,  
    All his songs were in her praise,  
That his throbbing heart was captive,  
    Showed he in a thousand ways.  
Yet but little did he profit  
    From his love or from his song,  
And he knew her heart could never  
    Beat with his in unison.

For although she heard with gladness  
Gentle songs at even-tide,  
Yet she ever kept so strictly,  
By her haughty husband's side :  
So the Castellan, despairing,  
Donned a coat of burnished steel,  
And a cross he stitched upon it :  
Hoping thus his heart to heal.  
When in many a furious combat  
He had played a noble part,  
Pierced a shaft through cross and doublet,  
Struck him to the very heart ;  
Then he cried : " True Squire, I bid thee,  
When this heart hath ceased to beat,  
Bear it safely o'er the ocean,  
Lay it at my Lady's feet."  
In God's still and holy acre,  
Was the noble body laid ;  
For the heart, although so weary,  
Yet no resting-place was made,  
In a golden urn 'tis lying  
All embalmed with skilful art ;  
Faithfully on board a vessel  
Bears the squire his master's heart.  
Storm-winds roar, and wave-crests threaten,  
Lightning strikes the mast o'erhead ;

When with fear all hearts are trembling,  
There is one that knows no dread :  
When again in golden sun-light  
Smiling gleam the shores of France,  
When with joy all hearts are dancing,  
There is one that cannot dance.  
Through the forest-glades of Fayel  
As in haste the urn was borne,  
These arose the cry of huntsmen,  
The tantarra of the horn ;  
In his heart the shaft unerring,  
Through the brake the quarry flies,  
Towers aloft, and grandly falling  
Where the squire is standing, dies.  
See ! there comes the Knight of Fayel,  
Who the noble stag hath slain,  
Soon the squire is all surrounded,  
By the eager hunting-train :  
When, the vessel, glittering golden,  
Fain would seize the venial band,  
Steps the squire so proudly backwards,  
And exclaims with outstretched hand :  
“ In the urn which here I carry,  
Is a minstrel-warrior’s heart,  
’Tis the Castellan of Coucy’s ;  
Let me then in peace depart ;



When he died, the warrior bade me,  
When his heart had ceased to beat,  
Bear it safely o'er the ocean,  
Lay it at his Lady's feet."  
"Well I know the noble Lady,"  
Says the knight with covert ire,  
And in haste the golden vessel  
Snatches from the trembling squire,  
Places it beneath his mantle,  
Rides away with gloomy mien,  
Nursing in his heart within him  
Hot revenge and bitter spleen.  
When he gains his lordly castle  
Bids the cooks with eager care  
Dress the venison for his table,  
And a savoury heart prepare ;  
It, with beauteous flowers, as garnish,  
Place the servants on the board,  
Enter then the Knight of Fayel  
And the Lady with her Lord.  
Then he hands his spouse the platter,  
Speaks in bitter irony :  
"Of the game I kill, my Lady,  
Aye the heart belongs to thee."  
Scarcely has the Lady tasted,  
Ere her tears begin to flow ;

And she weeps such floods of anguish,  
As when sun-rays melt the snow.  
Then the haughty Knight of Fayel  
Cries aloud with mocking sneer :  
“ Doves’ hearts cause, they say, the downfall  
Of the melancholy tear,  
Much more then, belovèd lady !  
That which I have given thee,  
’Tis the Castellan of Coucy’s,  
Who of old sang lovingly.”  
When the Knight these words has spoken,  
Cruel words and worse beside,  
Rises up the Lady proudly,  
Sternly speaks with tones of pride :  
“ Thou hast wrought a great injustice,  
Aye I’ve walked in honour’s way,  
But the heart, which now I’ve tasted,  
Leads, perforce, my thoughts astray,  
Many things my soul recalleth,  
Whilom heard in melody ;  
What was far from me when living,  
Seemeth near, now I must die.  
Yes ! my grave for me is ready,  
And this feast hath been my last,  
Other food would not become me,  
After such a rare repast :

May the Judge of all have pity,  
When *thou* standest at His throne"—  
Thus the Lady spake—and dying,  
Left him with his wrath alone.

---

## CHILD ROLAND.

1808.

DAME Bertha sat in her rocky cave,  
Bewailing her destiny,  
Child Roland played, where free flowers  
wave,  
And little wail made he.

"Oh kingly Charles! dear brother mine!  
Alas that from thee I fled,  
For love did I pomp and rank resign,  
And now is thine anger dread.

Thee, Milon, husband true above,  
The flood from me hath reft,  
And I, who all did leave for love,  
Alas! by love am left.

Young Roland ! thou my child so dear !  
My brave and winsome boy !  
Child Roland, come thou quickly here,  
Thou art mine only joy.

Child Roland go to the town below,  
For meat and drink to pray,  
And whoever it be that gives to thee,  
‘ God bless thee,’ must thou say.”

King Charlemagne then in his golden hall  
With barons and knights did sup,  
And in their midst the servants all  
Kept passing the dish and cup :  
Whilst flute and harp and festive glee,  
Struck joy to the heart of each ;  
But the tones of their gladsome revelry  
Lone Bertha could not reach.

Without the hall the beggars all  
In meat and drink had share,  
’Tis better they think, to eat and drink,  
Than list to music fair.

The king looked forth the ranks along  
That at the threshold lay,  
There forced amid the beggar throng  
A comely boy his way.

The garb of the boy was wondrous fair,  
In patches of hue fourfold,  
But he tarried not midst the beggars there,  
But gazed on the hall right bold.

Child Roland proudly made his way,  
As were it his own abode,  
And a dish from the midst he took straight-  
way,  
And forth in silence strode.

Then thought the king, what a wondrous  
thing,  
Must I sit here and see ;  
But the courtiers heard not a single word,  
And so were as still as he.

But only a little space had passed,  
Ere back came Roland bold,  
Right up to the king he hied him fast,  
And grasped his cup of gold.

“Stay ! stay ! thou saucy rascal there !”  
The king at length cried loud :  
Child Roland seemed not a whit to care,  
But looked at the king full proud.

The king waxed wroth, and black grew his  
brow,

But soon needs laugh must he ;  
“ Thou walk’st in our golden hall, I vow,  
As under thy greenwood-tree ;

Thou snatchest a dish of my kindly cheer,  
Like apples from a tree,  
Thou takest as if from fountain clear,  
The red-wine that foams for me.”

“ The peasant-girl drinks of the fountain  
clear,  
Eats apples from the tree,  
But fish and game is my mother’s cheer,  
The red-wine’s foam drinks she.”

“ And if thy mother so noble be,  
Methinks, from thy boastful strain,  
That doubtless a castle fair hath she,  
And a stately courtier train.

Say, who may be steward to carve at her  
board,

Say, who may bear her cup :”

“ My right hand here doth carve at her  
board,

My left doth bear her cup.”

"And pray who may her warders be?"

"My blue eyes serve instead:"

"And, prithe, who is her minstrel free?"

"My mouth so rosy red."

"In livery strange the lady, I ween,

Doth deck her retinue,

Like a rainbow is its glittering sheen,

With colours of every hue."

"Eight boys of the town have I fairly fought

And conquered in combat bold,

And as tribute due this cloth they brought

For my jerkin of hue fourfold."

"Of servants the best, she hath, I ween,

That this world can afford,

She is, perchance, some beggar-queen,

Who keepeth open board:

So noble a dame should not by rights

Far from our presence be:

So ho! three ladies, so ho! three knights,

Go bring her here to me."

Child Roland bore before them all

The cup to the hall of state;

Three ladies answer the kingly call,

Three knights upon them wait.

But only a little space had passed,  
The king looked all around ;  
Back hied the knights and ladies fast,  
Dame Bertha they had found.

Then cried the king : " Help Heaven ! stay,  
Alas ! what a sight I see !  
I have mocked and scoffed in the face of day,  
At mine own family.

Oh shameful tale ! that my sister pale,  
Gray pilgrim's garb should wear,  
Oh infamy great ! in my hall of state,  
A beggar's staff should bear."

Then at his feet Dame Bertha fell,  
That lady pale and meek ;  
But with wrath anew his heart doth swell,  
As would he in anger speak.

Dame Bertha in fear her glance withdrew,  
Not a word to speak dared she,  
Child Roland raised his eyes so blue,  
To his uncle fearlessly.

With gentler tone King Charlemagne spake :  
" Arise, dear sister mine,  
For thy brave boy, Child Roland's sake,  
Forgiveness shall be thine."



With joyous mien Dame Bertha stood ;  
" Dear brother mine," said she,  
" Child Roland shall return the good,  
Which thou hast done for me :

His arms shall ring, like thine, his king,  
In many a battle field,  
And pennants fair, that his foes once bare,  
Shall glisten round his shield,

He shall grasp his prey from many a king  
With doughty warrior-hand,  
Till he cause with weal and joy to ring,  
His moaning mother land."

---

### ROLAND THE SHIELD-BEARER.

1811.

At holy Aix with many a lord  
King Charlemagne sat at table,  
And fish and game was on the board,  
To thirst was no man able ;  
And golden vessels' brilliant sheen,  
And jewels purple, red and green,  
Within the hall did sparkle.

Then quoth King Charles, that hero brave,  
    " What serves this empty glitter ?  
To win the gem we monarchs crave,  
    The queen of gems were fitter ;  
As shines the sun, this jewel shines,  
A giant's shield its rays confines,  
    Deep hid in Ardennes' forest."

Count Richard, Archbishop Turpin,  
    Duke Naim and brave Sir Haimond,  
Milon of Anglant, Count Garin,  
    Leave all to seek the diamond ;  
To bring their armour loud they call,  
To bring their steeds from out the stall,  
    To ride to meet the giant !

Then Milon's son young Roland spake :  
    " Oh hear ! my father, hear me !  
The giant's jewel bright to take,  
    I am too young, I fear me,  
Yet am I not too feeble now,  
To bear thy spear, should'st thou allow,  
    And thy good shield, dear father !"

The comrades six together then  
    Straight for Ardennes are starting,  
But when they came within the glen,  
    They there agreed on parting ;

Behind his sire rode Roland proud,  
His wish the hero had allowed,  
    To bear his shield and buckler.

By sun-light and by moon-light clear,  
    Each gallant knight now rambles ;  
But still no giant would appear,  
    Amid the crags or brambles :  
At length beneath the fourth day's sun,  
Duke Milon lay asleep at noon,  
    In oaken shade reposing.

\* Young Roland soon espied o'erhead  
    A glimmering and a lightning,  
Each stag and roe, as scared they fled  
    From thickest covert frightening ;  
He saw the rays came from a shield  
A giant huge and fierce did wield,  
    From the hill-top descending.

Then thought Roland within his breast ;  
    It is an awful shining,  
'Twere shame my father dear from rest  
    To wake, so deep reclining,  
Awake ! Awake's his steed so dear,  
Awake is sword and shield and spear,  
    Awake's Roland, the stripling.

Upon his thigh his father's blade  
He bound, full bold and lusty,  
His father's lance at rest he laid,  
And seized his shield so trusty,  
His father's steed he then bestrode,  
And gently all at first he rode,  
Lest he should wake Sir Milon.

And when he came amidst the crags,  
Out spake the giant mocking ;  
" How loud this little fellow brags,  
Upon his steed a' rocking ;  
His sword is twice as long as he,  
His lance will throw him on the lea,  
His shield it will o'erwhelm him !"

Then cried Roland : " The fight's begun  
And thou shalt rue thy banter,  
My buckler broad shall shield the son  
Of Milon of Anglante ;  
A man so weak, a horse so strong,  
An arm so short, a sword so long,  
Methinks will help each other."

The giant brandished with his mace  
Far reaching in the distance,  
Wheeling his steed, Roland gave place,  
The blow met no resistance,

Full at the giant sped his lance,  
Back from the wonder-shield to glance,  
Back to the hand that hurled it.

Young Roland's sword hung by his side,  
In both his hands he took it,  
To seize his own the giant tried,  
And in its scabbard shook it;  
Roland dealt him a cunning blow  
On his left hand, his shield below,  
And hand and shield came tumbling.

His shield was gone, then sank away  
His heart within the giant,  
And sore he missed the jewel's ray,  
Which made him so defiant;  
He hurried quick his shield to seize,  
But Roland smote him on the knees,  
So that he toppled over.

Young Roland seized his hair and hewed  
His head from off his shoulders,  
A stream of blood the vale imbued,  
That leapt o'er crags and boulders;  
And then the jewel bright he tore  
From out the shield the giant bore,  
And revelled in its brightness.

A fountain gurgled near the place,  
So he concealed his treasure,  
And washed from cloak and sword and face  
The dust and blood at leisure ;  
Then young Roland rode back again,  
To where Sir Milon down had lain,  
Beneath an oak to slumber.

Him, lying by his father's side,  
Doth heavy sleep encumber,  
Till rested by the even-tide  
Sir Milon sprang from slumber ;  
“Awake ! my son Roland, awake !  
And sword and lance at once we'll take,  
To go and seek the giant.”

To search the glade they forwards speed,  
No longer there they tarried,  
Behind rode Roland on his steed,  
And spear and shield he carried.  
Full soon they came upon the spot,  
Where Roland waged the combat hot,  
And left the giant lying.

Scarce could Roland his sight believe,  
And rubbed his eyes in wonder,  
When he no longer could perceive,  
What he had hewn asunder,

Gone were the giant's sword and spear,  
No shield or harness far or near !

Only his bloody carcass.

And when the knight the corpse beheld,  
He cried full sad and tearful ;  
“ One sees from the huge trunk that's felled,  
The oak itself was fearful,  
Here lies the giant, all is lost !  
Renown and fame my sleep hath cost,  
Which I must rue for ever.”

Before the castle stood the king  
At Aachen, full of sorrow ;  
“ No day, alas, my knights doth bring  
From morrow unto morrow ;  
Upon my royal word, see there !  
Sir Haimon on his shield doth bear,  
The head of the great giant !”

With down-cast mien Sir Haimon rode ;  
His spear-point he abases,  
The giant's head, his gory load,  
Before the king he places ;  
I found the head in thicket dense,  
And fifty paces full from thence  
The giant's corpse lay reeking.

Then brought bold Archbishop Turpin

The giant's glove soon after,

The stiffened hand still lay therein,

He drew it out with laughter ;

" See here, my liege, a relic fine !

A sorry spoil, methinks, is mine,

I found it lying severed."

Then brought Duke Naim the club renowned,

He seemed about to stifle,

" See here, what in the wood I found,

The weapon weighs no trifle !

I'm very thirsty, quick ! bring here

A deep draught of Bavarian beer,

Methinks 'twill taste delicious."

Count Richard next on foot was seen,

His steed encumbered leading,

The sword and heavy mail, I ween,

Such lingering footsteps needing ;

" Whoe'er to search the brake's inclined,

Much of the armour still may find,

For me it was too weighty."

Then Count Garin doth next appear

The giant's shield he carried :

" He has the shield, the crown is near,

'Tis not in vain he tarried."



"'Tis true, my lords, the shield I bring,  
No jewel's here to greet the king,  
For it was gone already."

Sir Milon last of all was seen,  
The castle path ascending,  
He leads his steed with mournful mien,  
His head all downward bending;  
Behind his father rides Roland,  
And bears his spear in his right hand,  
His shield he carries gaily.

And when at length his way he makes  
To where the king is sitting;  
His sire's device away he takes,  
And fixes one more fitting;  
*His* shield the giant's gem enshrines,  
As shines the sun the jewel shines,  
All dazzling in its radiance.

And when Sir Milon's trophy gave  
A light, which aye grew brighter,  
Then cried the king: "Sir Milon brave!  
All hail, my heart feels lighter;  
Thou hast the giant huge o'erpowered,  
His hand hast hewn, his head hast lowered,  
And torn from him the jewel."

Sir Milon turned him quickly round,  
In great surprise and wonder ;  
“ Young jackanapes ! where hast thou found  
Thy bright and kingly plunder ? ”  
Quoth Roland : “ Be not vexed with me,  
But when asleep, I slew for thee,  
That horrid giant fellow.”

---

## THE STATUE OF BACCHUS.

1814.

CALISTHENES, a youth of Athens fair,  
Came whilom from a night in revellings  
spent,  
With faded ivy-wreath in matted hair,  
In twilight wildly reeling, to his home :  
Himself, as was the twilight, blear and pale,  
And as his servant led to light the way  
Through the high picture-gallery to his  
room,  
In view before the torch's fullest glare,  
The marbled form of Bacchus godlike stood,  
As chiselled by creative master-hand.

His youthful vigour gleams in full relief ;  
From out the glossy locks that court his  
back

His fine-arched shoulders in the marble  
shine,

And in the shadow of luxuriant grapes,  
And garlands of the vine, which deck his  
brow,

Appears his fair and blooming countenance.  
Then backwards starts Calisthenes, dis-  
mayed,

In terror at the vision's radiant gleam ;  
It seemed, as though in punishment, his  
front

The thyrsus-bearing deity had touched,  
As though the animated mouth had said :  
“ Why wanderest thou, thou trembling spec-  
tre, here,

Thou sense-bereft and vapid shade of doom !  
My sacred ivy dost thou violate,  
In outrage dost thou call thyself my priest,  
Begone ! far, far from hence, I know thee  
not.

Creative Nature see in me fulfilled,  
Nature, which in the vine-stock's noble  
blood,

Stands rich and godlike before all revealed.  
But if thy reckless worship need a god,  
In sunny upland vineyard seek him not,  
No! seek him in the darksome shades below."

So spake the god, the torch's light is quenched;  
Then slinks the youth, shame-stricken, to his room,  
Takes from his brow the faded ivy-wreath,  
And deep within his soul makes holy vows.

---

### THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

1814.

THERE stood, in bygone ages, a castle proud  
and high,  
Seen from the deep blue ocean far-gleaming  
in the sky,  
And all around a garden, sweet-flowering in  
the dew  
And living water gurgling in sprays of  
rainbow-hue.

There sat a king right haughty, the lord of  
hill and dale,  
Upon his throne he sat him, so gloomy and  
so pale,  
For what he thinks is horror, and in his eye  
is rage,  
And what he speaks is torture, and blood is  
on his page.

Two bards of noble bearing came to this  
keep one day,  
The one had golden ringlets, the other's  
hair was gray;  
Whilst, harp in hand, the elder on his good  
steed did ride,  
His young and lithesome comrade strode  
gaily by his side.

The old man spake in warning: "Now  
ready with thy lay,  
Think on our songs most touching, raise  
high thy tones to-day,  
Gather thy strength together, strike pain  
as well as joy,  
It shall be ours to soften that heart of stone,  
my boy."

Within the columned palace now the twain  
bards are seen,  
And on the throne are sitting the monarch  
and his queen;  
The king, in splendour awful, as when the  
North-lights dance,  
The queen, benign and gentle, as silver full-  
moon's glance.

Then with a wondrous measure the old man  
swept the strings,  
And fuller yet and fuller upon the ear it  
rings,  
And clear and deep as heaven streamed  
forth a voice still higher,  
The old man's song in pauses sounds like a  
ghostly choir.

Of love, that time of rapture, and of the  
joyous spring,  
Of freedom and of honour, of truth and  
faith they sing,  
To stir the mortal bosom they sing of all  
that's sweet,  
And man's heart to ennoble, their strains in  
union meet.

The crowd of courtiers round them forget  
their ribaldry,  
And the king's scornful warriors to God  
bend low the knee ;  
The queen with joy and sorrow comming-  
ling in her breast,  
Throws to the bards beneath her the rose-  
bud she caressed.

“ Ye have seduced my people, dare ye en-  
tice my spouse ? ”  
Shrieks the rage-trembling monarch, and  
fierce revenge he vows,  
He draws his sword which flashing pierces  
the stripling's breast :  
The life-stream gushes upward, the melody's  
at rest.

As if by tempest scattered is all the throng  
that's nigh,  
In the old arms the stripling breathes forth  
his parting sigh ;  
He folds him in his mantle, he sets him on  
his steed,  
He binds him on it upright, forth from the  
keep to lead.

Before the lofty gateway the old man's foot-  
steps rest,  
His ancient harp he seizes, of every harp  
the best,  
He dashes it to pieces against the marble  
wall,  
His voice resounds prophetic through garden  
and through hall :

“Woe to thee, haughty palace! let ne'er  
sweet tones again  
Rëecho round thy columns, nor harp's nor  
song's soft strain,  
Let there be sighs and groanings and timo-  
rous tramp of slaves,  
Till the avenging spirit tread on your  
mouldering graves.

Woe to ye, balmy gardens! smiling in  
May's fair light,  
Gaze on the youth departed, defaced, be-  
reft of sight ;  
Be withered then and wasted, let every  
spring be dry,  
For desolate and blasted from henceforth  
ye shall lie.



Woe to thee, cursèd murderer ! of bard and  
    song the bane,  
For wreaths of blood-stained glory thy  
    striving shall be vain,  
Thy name shall be forgotten, buried in end-  
    less gloom,  
Void as the last death-rattle, the harbinger  
    of doom."

The old man finished speaking : and heaven  
    heard his call,  
Prostrate the walls are lying, in ruins is the  
    hall,  
One column marks the vestige of splendour  
    that is past,  
But that, already crumbling, must fall  
    alone at last.

Around, instead of gardens, a waste and  
    barren heath,  
No tree sheds shade, no fountain gurgles  
    the sand beneath,  
No legend of that monarch sings the heroic  
    verse ;  
' Uprooted and forgotten'—"That is the  
    Minstrel's Curse."

---

REVENGE.

1810.

THE squire has murdered his master the  
knight,

The squire would be gladly a paladin hight,

He murdered him foully in darksome glade,  
And deep in the Rhine his body he laid.

His armour bright forthwith donned he,  
And sprang on his master's charger free.

And when with a leap the bridge he'd  
clear,

The steed refuses and 'gins to rear.

And then, at the touch of the spur of  
gold,

The waves of the river them both enfold.

With arm and leg he struggles and strives,  
The weight of the trappings costs both their  
lives.

---

## THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

1834.

OF Eden-hall the youthful Lord  
Bids peal the trump for festival,  
Then rises at the banquet-board  
Midst drunken groups of guests to call :  
    “ Ho ! bring me the Luck of Eden-hall.”

The sewer hears the summons loth,  
The oldest vassal of the Hall,  
Draws trembling from its silken cloth  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall :  
    They call it the Luck of Eden-hall.

Then cries the Lord : “ This glass to praise  
Pour out red wine of Portugal ;”  
Trembling the agèd hand obeys,  
A purple light that plays o’er all  
    Streams forth from the Luck of Eden-hall.

Then says the Lord and waves it higher,  
“ This glass of sparkling crystal tall  
A water-sprite once gave my sire,  
She wrote therein : ‘ Should this glass fall,  
    Farewell then, oh Luck of Eden-hall !’

'Twas right a cup should be the fate  
Of the joyous race of Eden-hall,  
For the draughts we drink are strong and  
    great,  
And at every gladsome festival  
    We cry : 'Clink with the Luck of Eden-  
    hall.'

It rings at first, soft, full and deep  
Like song of evening nightingale,  
Then roars like woodland torrent's leap,  
Then rumbles as when storm-bolts fall,  
    Our glorious Luck of Eden-hall !

A dauntless race as its treasure deems  
This brittle glass of crystal tall,  
It hath lasted longer than beseems :  
Come, come ! with a mightier clink than  
    all

Will I test the Luck of Eden-hall."

The drinking-glass in twain is reft,  
With headlong crash the arches fall,  
The red flames dance athwart the cleft,  
In dust the guests lie scattered all,  
    With the breaking Luck of Eden-hall.

In storms the foe with fire and sword,  
He in the night had scaled the wall,  
The sword lays low the youthful Lord,  
His hand still grasps the crystal tall,  
The shivered Luck of Eden-hall.

'Tis morn—the agèd sewer alone  
Wanders in the uprooted hall,  
His seeks his Lord's charred skeleton,  
His seeks in pillars' grewsome fall  
The shards of the Luck of Eden-hall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "yawneeth wide,  
The lofty column too must fall  
But glass is this world's Luck and Pride,  
In atoms once our earthly ball  
Must fall, like the Luck of Eden-hall."\*

---

\* In this well-known Ballad, Uhland has not strictly confined himself to fact. The Luck of Eden-hall is still in the possession of Sir George Musgrave, Bart., of Eden-hall, Cumberland, and the Translator has been authorized by the owner himself to state, that the Glass is in a perfect condition, without crack or flaw. The note, which appears at the foot of the Translation of this poem by Longfellow, leads the reader to suppose that the

THE LAST PALSGRAVE.

1847.

I, PALSGRAVE GOETZ of Tuebingen,  
Must sell my keep and town,  
With subjects, taxes, field and wood,  
For debts sore weigh me down.

Two rights alone I will not sell,  
Two rights so old and good,  
Within the cloister's tower the one,  
The other in the wood.

In cloistered cell I bowed me low,  
And stooped to till the ground,  
The abbot's care must tend for me  
My hawk and eke my hound.

---

Luck, if not broken to pieces as stated by Uhland, is, at any rate, much disfigured and chipped. It is to correct this erroneous notion that the present note is added, and Longfellow was, in the summer of 1868, enabled personally to convince himself of the entirety and freedom from flaw of this noble relic.

At Schoenbuch, near the cloister's shade,  
Through my free chace I'll ride,  
If *that* I keep, I little reck  
If I lose all beside.

And if some morn ye monks devout  
My horn no longer hear,  
Then toll the bell and search for me  
By shady fountain clear.

And bury me 'neath spreading oak,  
Amid the bird's sweet song,  
And say a huntsman's mass for me,  
Which does not last too long.

---

THE BRIDGE OF BIDASSOA.

1834.

ON the Bridge of Bidassoa  
Stands a saintly pilgrim gray,  
Spreads on either hand his blessing,  
France and Spain before him lay;  
And the bridge has need of blessing,  
Tender comfort from on high;  
Where so many from their country  
Part, an exile's death to die.

**On the Bridge of Bidassoa**

Is a strange and chequered sight,  
Where the one but sees a shadow,  
Sees the other golden light,  
Where for one the rose-bud smileth,  
Sees the other barren sand,  
Yet for each is exile dreary,  
Dear to each his fatherland.

**Blithely bounds the Bidassoa,**

While the sheep-bell tinkles gay,  
But amidst the mountains echo  
Rifle-cracks the live-long day:  
And when evening shades are falling,  
Seeks a band the foaming flood,  
Fugitive, with battered banner,  
And their path is marked with blood,

**On the Bridge of Bidassoa**

Lay their useless rifles down,  
Bind their wounds, still freshly bleeding,  
Count the friends whom still they own;  
Long the absent comrades tarry,  
None they miss the standard seeks;  
Once again the drum is beating,  
And an aged warrior speaks.



" Furl your banner, noble comrades,  
Once the badge of liberty,  
Many times ye thus have wandered,  
O'er the frontier-bridge ye see,  
Many times hath sought our standard  
Freedom's boon in foreign shore,  
But unstained by shame it crosseth,  
And its star shines as of yore.

Thou, who from our former contests  
Bearest many a noble scar,  
Thou, to-day, when all are bleeding,  
Mina, from our griefs art far ;  
All is well, since thou art with us,  
Scathless stands the hope of Spain ;  
Let us hence with happy presage,  
We shall once come back again."

From the bridge where he was leaning,  
Sore with toil and care oppressed,  
Mina rises, views the mountains  
Where the sun-god dips his crest,  
Lays his hand upon his bosom,  
Cannot check the heart-stream's flow :  
On the Bridge of Bidassoa,  
Bleed the wounds of long ago.

THE SUNKEN CROWN.

1812.

ABOVE an humble cottage  
Upon the hill doth stand,  
One seeth from the threshold,  
Far o'er the smiling land.  
There on his bench a peasant  
Sits free, as close the days,  
And while he whets his sickle,  
He sings his Maker's praise.

Beneath, deep in the valley,  
A lake spreads, damp and dank,  
And in it lieth glittering  
A rich crown, where it sank,  
Though sapphires and carbuncles  
Gleam royally entwined,  
Yet there it rests since ages,  
And no one seeks to find.

---

THE SWORD.

1809.

Down to the stithy went the lord,  
Where he had ordered him a sword,

In vain his youthful arm essayed  
To raise on high the ponderous blade.

The grisly blacksmith stroked his beard ;  
"Thine arm's too weak, 'tis as I feared ;  
'Tis not too heavy, nor too light,  
Ere morning I will make it right."

No! no! to-day ; as I'm a knight,  
By mine and not thy anvil's might!"  
So speaks the youth ; with strength en-  
dowed,  
He waves on high the blade so proud.

---

THE ELM-TREE OF HIRSAU.

1829.

At Hirsau, midst the ruins,  
There waved an elm-tree tall  
Its coronal of verdure,  
High o'er the convent-wall.

Its roots were deep emburied,  
In cloister gray it grew,  
And like a roof its arches  
Spread in the azure blue.

The narrow walls around it  
Took air and sun away,  
And so the tree strove upwards,  
And reached the light of day.

Its climbing course to heaven  
The jutting walls viewed loth,  
And bent their tops together  
To check its daring growth.

When, in the verdant valley,  
I went my way alone,  
To that up-soaring elm-tree  
My thoughts have ever flown.

When, in the mouldering ruins,  
I sat me at my ease,  
Then have the rustling branches  
Played in the murmuring breeze.

I've seen it oftentimes glowing  
In the first morning-ray,  
I've seen it still in sunlight,  
Steeped was the vale in gray.

In Wittenberg's old cloister,  
There grew a tree as well,  
Stretched giant-boughs to heaven  
Forth from its cloistered cell.

Oh beam of Light ! thou piercest  
The darkest, deepest night ;  
Oh soul below ! thou strivest  
Upwards—to air and light.

THE END.

# ERRATA.

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Page 42, line 2, *for* "your" *read* "you."

Page 52, line 12, *for* "betoken" *read* "betokens."

Page 82, line 4, *for* "unchained" *read* "enchained."

Page 139, line 19, *for* "hat" *read* "That."



